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FROM

Miss Lotta Crabtree

Boston

J. A. Lathrop
June 23 1873
P I C T U R E S

OF

L I F E .

BY

E L I J A H R I D I N G S ,

Author of "The Village Muse," &c.

~~~~~  
Hold up disgraced knowledge from the ground;  
Keep virtue in request, give worth her due;  
Let not neglect with barbarous means confound  
So fair a good, to bring in night anew!  
Be not, O! be not accessory found  
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

DANIEL'S "MUSOPHILUS."

~~~~~  
MANCHESTER:

GATHRAIL AND BERESFORD, PUBLISHERS, NEWALL'S BUILDINGS.

ELIJAH RIDINGS, 45, GARRATT-ST., OLDHAM ROAD.

1850.

23473.10.4.5



Miss Motta C. C. C.
Boston

P R E F A C E .

Many of the poems in this volume have appeared before ; others now make their first appearance, along with those better known ; the whole of them, under the title of " Pictures of Life," are presented to the public, in the hope, that they may be as favourably received as have been the former publications of the author.

It may be noticed, that the works of Shakspeare, and the translation of the Scriptures, are more than once eulogised in this volume. Several pieces have been inserted for the amusement and instruction of the juveniles, and one or two polysyllables have been intermixed with the more simple words, in order to assist their progress through the difficulties of our language, towards those elevating and sacred sources, the "wells of English undefiled." This may be excused in one, who is chiefly indebted to the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, and the translation of the Scriptures, for almost the whole which the volume contains,—they having fostered the spirit in which it is produced, and enhanced any talent which may be discoverable in its pages.

Amongst the numerous pieces in the book, I believe none will be found calculated to wound the purest moral feelings ; and, as it has been said that the poets have religious feelings implanted in

their peculiar nature,—if I may be allowed to be classed with the poetic brethren,—this book may be perceived to reflect the sentiment and principle, if not to exhibit the formulary of most serious convictions.

It would not become the author to say more than to beseech the reader's consideration for many imperfections ; to remind him that nothing is immaculate that is human ; and that severe criticism has a tendency to superinduce a mood of the mind, which may make a person incapable of appreciating much that is deserving of a respectful attention.

To the Subscribers, who have kindly given their names, the worthy and distinguished patrons of the literature of Lancashire, this book may be considered as dedicated, though not in the terms of flattery and adulation ; a highly respectable list might have graced its pages ; and, no doubt, they will be pleased to accept this acknowledgment of their kind patronage, which is very sincerely appreciated by the author.

E. R.

JUNE, 1850.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Biographical Sketch	vii
Notice of the late Mr. James Ridings	xiv
Sonnet to his Memory	xviii
Sonnet to the Author of "The Village Muse"	xix
The Author to his Book	xx
Sonnet—O ! come, thou of the mild and gentle heart . . .	1
Ode to the Cuckoo	2
I've been with thee	3
Ode to Fancy	4
Childhood, Youth, and Manhood	5
Woman, a song	7
Sonnet to ———	8
Stanzas to a Child	8
The Song of Peace	10
The Prisoner's Dream	16
Sonnet, written in early life	18
Ode to Solitude	19
The Thirty-fifth Chapter of Jeremiah versified	20
The Reclamation	23
The Invitation	29
Remember me	31
Shakspere	32
Poetical Passages	36
Stanzas, on seeing the Fragment of a Marble Tablet . . .	41
Ecce Homo	42
Peace and Toleration	43
On Shelley	44
Song—Farewell ye Bacchanalian bowers	45
A Village Sketch	46
An Invitation	49
The Emigrant's Song	50
Stanzas Irreguliers	51
Epigram	54

	PAGE
Farewell to the Valley	54
The Band of Brothers	55
Simple Minstrelsy	57
Song—I got me flowers to strew thy way	60
Elegy	61
Stanzas written in dejection	64
Love Gifts	65
Sonnet—O sacred truth	66
Ode to the Glow-worm	66
The Prodigal Son	68
The Preacher and the Child	70
Epitaph	71
Temperance and Education	72
The Swan	80
The Treasure-seeker	84
Dirge	89
Clayton Hall	89
The Drunkard's Doom	91
My Uncle Tum	96
The Rural Journey	101
The Return; or, the Temptation	110
Stanzas written in despondency	129
A Morning Walk	131
Epitaph on the late Alexander Wilson	135
Newton Heath Wakes	135
The Nobleman's Feast	144
The Questions Answered	152
Epitaph for a Rural Cemetery	153
Forty-first Psalm versified	154
Death of the Hare	156
Human Life	159
Notes	160

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Perhaps one of the most important parts of biography is that which treats of those, who, from humble circumstances, and obscure positions, have risen to intellectual eminence. "Chill penury could not repress their noble rage, nor freeze the genial current of the soul." Their minds have expanded under the most depressing influences; their desire and love of knowledge, and a laudable ambition, generally combined with a sense of duty, have led them to intense study, and to devote days and nights to the acquisition of learning. Their whole life has not unfrequently been a perpetual struggle; and, too often, when on the point of realizing their most sanguine hopes, they have seen them dissipated in a moment. Still, they have been firm to their purpose,—succeeding, more or less, eventually, in achieving some mental or moral triumph; and posterity has not failed to record and appreciate their merits.

Lancashire has abounded with characters like these; and has honourably distinguished itself in the race of improvement. Many are the sons of toil, mechanics, and artizans, to whom it has given birth, whose names shine conspicuously in the intellectual hemisphere. Such are some of the reflections which have arisen in the mind previous to preparing the following particulars respecting the author of this volume.

Elijah Ridings is one of a little band usually known as "The Lancashire poets." He was born on the 27th day of November, in the year 1802, in a cottage in "The Hollow," in the township of Failsworth, in the parish of Manchester. His parents' names were James and Nancy Ridings, originally Rydings, who were silk weavers, and had a family of fifteen children, of whom Elijah was the tenth. Ten of them are still living, and eight of them have each a wife and numerous offspring. The subject of this

memoir was three years old before he could walk, from debility of the lower part of the vertebral column. A wayfarer, who had been in the army, calling at the house of his parents, in his capacity of hawking toys and smallwares, after some conversation on the weakness of their child, suggested a simple, natural, and effectual remedy, notwithstanding the case had baffled the professional skill of the neighbourhood. He advised the father to collect the requisite number of common black snails out of the adjacent gardens and meadows, sprinkle a quantity of salt on them, and put them into a bag to liquify, under the powerful action of the meridian sun. This process, simple as it may seem, produced an oil peculiarly medicinal, which dropped from the bag into an earthen vessel, and with which the loins of the little patient were well rubbed every morning during the period of cure, with the warm maternal hand. When the old wayfarer called again, in about three weeks, he found his patient tolerably agile, and able to walk about the house. Our author was removed from school at a very early period to wind bobbins for his brothers and sisters, employed at the silk loom. His father being the most effective choral vocalist of his own time, was often visited by respectable individuals of both sexes connected with the musical world, and who frequently witnessed the boyish recitations of Elijah, he having committed to memory Milton's "Morning Hymn," Akenside's "Pleasures Arising from a Cultivated Imagination," and similar pieces. Such were his early mental tendencies. On the removal of the family to Newton, more commonly known as Newton Heath, Elijah stayed at the farm house of Hardman Fold a few weeks, assisting in the harvest; and although but a feeble lad, in comparison to agricultural labourers generally, he cut through, along with the workmen headed by Richard, Benjamin, and John Worswick, his allotted *butt* of a light kind of wheat, when one of the workmen carried him on his shoulders out of the field, in a pleasant triumph at his exertions with the sickle, which he could handle with considerable dexterity; although on the occasion he was, perhaps, assisted a little in binding the wheat into sheaves, by the venerable father of the

Worswicks. This is merely mentioned as an instance of youthful capacity in its own way, as the Worswicks had won a match or two at the same kind of labour, being first-rate workmen of great bodily strength, and athletic in limb and muscle, particularly the elder.

Elijah Ridings now became a teacher in the Sunday school attached to St. George's Church, Oldham Road, Manchester, at thirteen shillings per quarter; and from this school library he first obtained acquaintance with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" "Robinson Crusoe" being furnished him by the conductor of the school, Mr. Samuel Blomeley. His ardent and ever-active mind was thus directed to a course of reading, which has been continuously carried forward, and has proved in the end exceedingly conducive to the attainment of a considerable knowledge of native and translated literature; and the initiation of one, destitute of education, into the illimitable world of authors and their commentators. Some time after this period, he joined the school library belonging to the Unitarian Chapel, Dob-lana, Failsworth, when history, travels, &c., became his chief reading. During the week that he read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," according to the data before us, he wrought at the silk loom six dozen bandanna handkerchiefs; but the price which was paid at that time (1817-18) is not stated. About this time the plain but energetic writings of Cobbett,—the very racy and amusing satires of Wooler, in the "Black Dwarf,"—"The Reformist Register" of Hone, and "The Political Register" of Sherwin, &c., were in the zenith of their fame, and attracted his attention. He became the political reader of the neighbourhood. When Sir Charles Wollesley and Mr. William Greatheed Lewis (the latter the author of an English Grammar, founded on Horne Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley') attended a political meeting at Stockport, in 1819, the subject of our memoir went over to that town, to hear the 'wisdom and the wit' of the orators; but was not particularly gratified with any of them, except Mr. Lewis, who was subsequently imprisoned in Oakham gaol, whence he transmitted to his publisher the manuscript of his grammar, and where he edited an edition of the prose works of Milton. Of the grammar, our author procured a copy, and immediately transcribed all the

large letter-press, and the substance of the notes ; which, with the perusal of Lindley Murray and Cobbett, gave him his first lessons in grammatical rules and English composition. From this period up to the year 1829, he was employed at the fancy silk loom, and frequently corresponded with some of the leading reformers and periodical writers then flourishing. Pamphlets, poems, essays, and letters issued from his pen, (the prose characterised by the 'warmest feelings and the most glowing and even eloquent language,') and he was most industrious in collecting considerable sums of money to relieve the privations of those who were prosecuted or persecuted (for the legal proceedings of those years displayed in repulsive colours the very spirit of persecution) in the struggle for parliamentary reform; free discussion, the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, &c.—His uncle Robert, we are sorry to state, fell a victim to the painful circumstances in which his political opinions had placed him. Having been one of those who were arrested as state prisoners for what was called the Ardwick spy-plot, he was discharged on his own recognizances ; but coming home from London outside the coach, he caught a quinsy, of which he died.

In the year 1819, Elijah Ridings was appointed leader of the section of parliamentary reformers of Newton Heath and Miles Platting, being then not quite seventeen years of age ; and their peaceable intentions may be gathered from their selecting a mere youth to be their leader—the word *leader* being used instead of that of clerk or secretary. He narrowly escaped being trampled upon by the hoofs of the yeomanry cavalry horse, at the famous meeting of the 16th of August, 1819, having been thrown down, along with a large mass of men and women, but extricating himself thence, he was befriended on the field by an officer of the 13th Lancers, who cried out to him, 'Be quick, young man, this way,' at the same time pointing with his sword to a lane through the confused crowd of horsemen, and of which he precipitately availed himself. In the year 1826, he wrote the poem entitled "The Swan," and while writing, or rather composing it in his mind, he wrought at the silk loom three damask shawls, with six traddles,

nine shuttles, and one draw-boy to assist him,—the jacquard machine not having been introduced into the neighbourhood until a later period. Seven or eight shawls were generally the complement of his week's labour, at five shillings per shawl, his studious habits preventing him doing more. This poem he transmitted to a London correspondent, who introduced it into a literary coterie, who generally furnished the articles for "*Arliss's Pocket Magazine*," then highly popular, on account of the excellence of the engravings with which it was ornamented and illustrated. It appeared in the May number of 1826. The remunerating and gratifying result was a handsome present of books from gentlemen personally unknown to him, but who, in their convivial moments, often drank "*The health of Elijah Ridings, the Lancashire weaver.*"

In conjunction with his friend, John Harper, Mr. Ridings originated "*The Miles Platting Zetetic Society*,"—the original Greek word implying "*proceeding by inquiry.*" After this society, subsequently sprung the Miles Platting Mechanics' Institution, under the enlightened and liberal patronage of Sir Benjamin Heywood. In 1829, Ridings became an agent of Messrs. Pigot and Co., in the compilation of "*The National Commercial Directory*," and surveyed Windsor, Eton, and their neighbourhoods; assisted in the Liverpool and Birmingham directories, &c. On the work being completed, he commenced its delivery at Windsor; but his health failing, he consulted an eminent London surgeon, who advised his immediate return home, saying, "*Exhausted; you want rest; you ail nothing; there is no disease; you want rest.*" He gave up his engagement, returned home; and on his recovery, published a small collection of poems, called "*The Village Muse*," which was favourably received. Some of the "*humorous specimens of the Lancashire dialect*" became popular; and several of his songs were favourites in club rooms, and on festive occasions.

The great petition from Manchester, praying that the Reform Bill might pass into a law, was ostensibly under the management of three individuals only, namely, the late Richard Potter, Esq. M.P.; the late Mr. George Gill, of High Street; and the surviving subject of this memoir. On the recommendation of the late

Rowland Detrosier, the eloquent scientific lecturer, he was employed to superintend the progress of the petition,—one of the largest and the most respectably signed of any that have emanated from Manchester. The inclusion of the township of Newton in the borough of Manchester, is mainly attributable to him, and his relatives and personal friends. The question had been proposed by the late Mr. William Barratt, of worthy memory, whose motion on the subject, before the court leet of the Warden and Fellows, lords of the manor of Newton, fell to the ground, without a seconder; when the Shakspeare Club, in that township, took up the matter, and with a little assistance and countenance of the Messrs. Barratt, and the efforts of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., then member of parliament for the County, Newton was ultimately placed within the pale of the borough constituency,

Mr. Ridings subsequently lectured on English literature, at Mechanics' Institutions, in Manchester and Stalybridge; and in favour of a repeal of the corn laws, in the Baptist Chapel, Clayton Heights, Yorkshire.

He had already commenced a day school in Lamb Lane, Collyhurst; but the cholera breaking out in the year 1832, he was left with but ten scholars. On the 19th of May, of the same year, he married, and at the end of it, entered on the Waterman public-house, Butler Street, Manchester, the sign of which he thought proper to change to the Falstaff and Bardolph, after a painting by the celebrated and lamented Liverseege. He recollects reading passages from Shakspeare, for the amusement of this celebrated artist and a few friends, at a house in New Islington; and on which occasion, the future artist appeared an extremely feeble but intelligent boy. He kept this house about three years, when, on the failure of a large chemical works, upon which the house mainly depended, the street being unpaved, and in wet seasons almost impassable, he was obliged to let it; and the proceeds of the letting, he disbursed to the last sovereign, in the settlement of certain claims upon him.

Mr. Ridings is now, and has been for some years, engaged in the book trade, and we heartily wish him success in his calling, for which he is considered peculiarly fitted, by those who know him

best. "You may have seen him sitting patiently by his little stall of books in Withy Grove, with his pale, intelligent face, crowned by gray hairs, though little beyond the midway of life,—a quiet and amiable expression, with just such a ray of humour playing about his lips, as you would anticipate after reading what he has written,—waiting patiently the fortunes of the day, and thankful, by honest industry, to make all things meet. The same spirit is found throughout his writings,—a spirit of contentment and confidence, warmth of feeling, hopeful but not boisterous, and a bubbling over of humour which he feels no disposition to repress."

The poems of Elijah Ridings have been favourably noticed by several journalists and literary men in London, in the Provinces, and on the other side of the Atlantic. They have complimented the author in the warmest terms, and cheered him with the words of hope and encouragement. "Among the votaries of the muse," observes J. C. Prince, in the *Quarterly Magazine*, "who have gained a permanent reputation in the history of Manchester literature, Mr. Elijah Ridings may be fairly classed."

We have thus endeavoured to give a fair and impartial sketch of the life and career of our author. It is an invidious task for a man to speak of himself, or even for a friend to attempt to portray the history, character, and writings of one with whom he has contracted an intimacy; but as it is surmised that some will be curious to know something of the history of the "*Lancashire Weaver*," and as that history, so far from detracting from the merits of the author, (in fact, adds to his fame, and sheds a beam of promise and of hope over struggling and darkened minds,) we are pleased to have been thus enabled to hold up that which elevates and ennobles human character. Imperfections and errors are incident to humanity; none wholly escape them. Let us, however, only take care to cultivate the intellects and hearts of the people, and we may then expect that much which is feeble and polluting will be destroyed. We cannot conclude better than by reminding the reader that it is by education that the mind is to be upraised, and that he is to be accounted the most worthy who subjects the passions and powers of the soul to the dictates of truth and human kindness.

THE LATE MR. JAMES RIDINGS,

VOCALIST.

In the *Courier*, a week or two ago, we recorded the death of this hardy old veteran of the Muse, who died on the 12th March, 1850, being in his eighty-first year. We always experience pleasure in giving to the world the leading incidents in the lives of those of our fellow-townsmen who have been distinguished for musical or other acquirements; and a brief memoir of the subject of our notice, notwithstanding that he moved in a comparatively humble sphere of life, we believe will be found fully as interesting as many of the more fortunate class. Mr. Ridings was born in the year 1769, and resided the whole of his lifetime within four miles of our Exchange. His parents were of the honest and industrious class; consequently the son, when in tender years, was compelled to apply himself to the loom. It was during this early period he first began to woo the "heavenly maid," and for some time his whole energies were devoted to gaining a perfect acquaintance with the intricate system of "Fa sol la," which is yet considered by Lancashire men the best ground-work for vocal efforts, as, when completely mastered, it enables them to read music at first sight with facility. He soon after joined himself to the associations styled at that time "Musical Clubs," which were then to be found flourishing, sometimes in the most secluded and inaccessible parts of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. These societies, transferred to towns, are known at the present under the more classic and euphonious appellation of Choral and

Philharmonic Societies, but they seem in the majority of instances to lack that strong vigour and enthusiastic love of music which distinguished the musical clubs, and still animate the remaining few amid the seclusions in which they still exist, and where they form an enduring link of brotherhood of the most kindly character. The meetings of the club in which Ridings joined were held periodically at the "Bull's Head Inn" and "Black Horse Inn," in the neighbourhood of Failsworth, where the village musicians for many miles round, both vocal and instrumental, were wont to assemble. Their chief practice was, we believe, Handel's oratorios, or the sterling anthems of some of our old Church writers, Purcell, Croft, Green, and others; and in this school our young vocalist may be said to have earned that reputation which he held through life, as the best reader of Handel's music in the locality. His memory was unusually strong; and it is related of him, that he could at one time, when in active practice, have sung by *heart* the whole of the tenor part to "The Messiah," and other oratorios. For fifteen years Mr. Ridings was engaged as one of the choir at our Collegiate Church, and his singing of the opening recitative and air to the before-mentioned oratorio is yet spoken of by many with delight, nay, enthusiasm. Nature having gifted him with a good and powerful tenor voice, he was never in want of a situation for Sunday duty, being always engaged as precentor at some of our churches. At a subsequent part of his career he appeared upon the boards of the then new Theatre Royal, in Fountain Street, when under the management of Mr. Charles Young, where, as leading vocalist, he sang the principal music to *Macbeth*, &c. He appears to have been on good terms with the accomplished tragedian, Mr. Young, who frequently called him into his dressing-room to talk over musical affairs generally. During this engagement Mr. Ridings did not forsake his daily routine of business, but continued labouring on in all earnestness to the close of the day, walking to and from the theatre in the evening, a distance of some eight miles, frequently arriving at home about one o'clock in the morning. After which, he would sit down to his constant, yet humble, fare of "meal porridge and milk;" and all this he

accomplished daily throughout a whole season. At all the musical festivals, for seventy miles round, he was present as leader of our famed Lancashire chorus singers, and the frequent opportunities he had of meeting them placed him on friendly terms with the evergreen Braham, and the other celebrities of the day.

We have by us a mass of information detailing the incidents of these various musical tours, but find it would extend this notice much beyond our limits. We therefore, in summing up, can say of the late Mr. Ridings with confidence, that his natural benevolence and mildness of character, his modest and reasonable estimation of his own abilities, endeared him to the whole of the musical profession. He was of those who are ever ready to assist, but still content to listen—and never backward in acknowledging the merits of others. Many times he was found encouraging and raising his junior brethren in the profession. In short, his whole life was an example to those who “do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.” His musical knowledge and requirements did not induce a carelessness as to other departments of knowledge; and, because he did not neglect to store his mind with those more lasting treasures which are always a ready passport to the more refined circles, his society was at all times courted, not merely for the convivial reputation of “singing a good song,” but for the fund of information he could afford on topics in general. In Mr. Ridings the passion for music was ardent to the last, and at his obsequies several of our resident professionals attended to pay a fitting tribute to his talents. When the “Nightingale” paid us a visit, a short time ago, the old veteran expressed a strong desire to hear this extraordinary warbler, although he had completed man’s term here below—fourscore years. In his old age he frequently found a solace in humming some favourite strain, which would serve to lighten the heavy wings of Time. With his indefatigable industry Mr. Ridings combined frugality and temperate habits, and was thereby able to secure comfort and ease in his latter days. He fulfilled all the duties of life in a most exemplary manner, training up a large family in respectability, several members of which are yet living, and are conspicuous for their literary and musical attainments.

His mortal remains were interred in Newton Heath Church Yard on Monday, March 18th, 1850, when a large circle of friends and acquaintances, from Manchester, attended on the occasion, to shew their last mark of respect, to one who was so universally loved and respected. We noticed amongst the number, several of our oldest members of the musical profession, Mr. John Waddington, Mr. James Hill, Mr. Cartledge, of the Cathedral, Mr. Sheldrick, Mr. Stephen Cooper, and several members of the far-famed Cauldfield family. The funeral service was most impressively read by the curate, the Rev.—Robinson. Kent's Anthem, "When the Son of Man, &c.," was sung with much feeling and appropriateness, by Messrs. Heelis, Sheldrick, Boardman, and John Holt, Mr. William Waddington presiding at the organ. All present seemed deeply affected during the solemn ceremony, and the half-broken, ejaculated responses of the venerable clerk, Mr. Alexander Greaves, an old neighbour and acquaintance of the deceased, moved many to audible sympathy.—*Manchester Courier*.



SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

By Mr. G. Richardson.

I bring a votive verse to thy dear name,—
 For, as a dream of youth, I see thee now,
 With kindly welcome on thy placid brow,—
 Which well my soul's pure gratitude may claim :
 Oh ! twenty years and more have passed away,
 Since gather'd we, thy sons and kindred, round
 Thy cheerful homely hearth, with joy profound ;
 When thy ag'd head was sprent with silver gray :
 Time-honour'd sire, fond husband, generous friend !
 Hush'd is that voice in death ! I turn in vain
 My once-charm'd ear to each melodious strain,
 Which thou in sacred numbers loved to blend :
 Ah ! now I come, with mournful feelings prest,
 To whisper gentle peace above thy hallow'd rest.

SONNET

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE MUSE,"

By John Critchley Prince.

Successful suitor at the muses' feet,
 - Forgive the boldness of a wight whose name,
 Ne'er found a place in registers of fame,
 Nor gathered from her lips one sentence sweet ;
 Who never mingled with the crowds that meet
 At learning's shrine, intent to catch the lore
 Of soul-exalting science, and explore
 Paths that betray philosophy's retreat :
 Yet Hope hath taught, that ever-welcome cheat,
 His intellectual feelings to aspire,
 Tho' indigence would fain subdue the fire,
 And fix despair on Hope's unsteady seat :
 He who doth breathe this unassuming strain
 Would gladly link with thee in friendship's honor'd
 chain.

1831.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

Go, goodly book,
 Unto the world, and say to those
 Who on thee look,
 And graciously thine humble leaves disclose,
 That thou hast genial smiles for friends and foes.

Go to the young,
 And tell them, that 'tis now the time,—
 Now they have sprung
 In youthful bloom, in life's sweet, hopeful prime,—
 They may find Truth within thy simple rhyme.

Go to the fair,
 And tell them that Lancastria's rose,
 In native air,
 Her stainless petals opens to the power
 Of love and virtue, in their sacred hour.

Bow to the old,
 In reverence for their grey hairs ;
 Say, "Not even gold,
 Nor state, nor selfish pride, nor sordid cares,
 Are worth as much as a poor minstrel's prayers."

Go to the priest,
 And say, "Of all on earth or sea,
 He is the least,
 Who will not with his fellow-man agree,
 To worship God in equal liberty."

Go to the world,
Aye, unto all the thoughtless throng,
When headlong hurl'd,
And borne by sensual desires along,
That they may heed the moral of thy song.

Then, take thy place
In some choice cabinet, belov'd the same,
Without disgrace,
To nobler treasure, or to greater name;
Return to those who have inspir'd thy flame.

June 9, 1850.



ON THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel died July 2nd, 1850.

Come, let us breathe a song of praise
 O'er one, the glory of our days ;
 An ancient, true Corinthian,
 A noble English gentleman :
 Mourn, muses, mourn ; mourn and deplore :
 A light hath faded from our shore.

When millions of another creed,
 Were struggling to be free, indeed ;
 His generous heart and manly mind,
 Burst forth in love for all mankind :
 Mourn, muses, mourn ; mourn and deplore :
 A beacon-light hath left our shore.

The crimson tablets of our code
 Were stain'd with erring human blood :
 His was the hand, in open day,
 To wipe the foul reproach away :
 Mourn, England, mourn ; mourn and deplore :
 Mild mercy weeps for evermore.

When British banners were display'd,
 Demanding an unshackl'd trade
 With nations far beyond the main,
 He did proclaim sweet freedom's reign :
 Mourn, muses, mourn ; mourn and deplore :
 A guardian light hath left our shore.

Within thy native shire, great Peel,
 A million mourners strongly feel :
 Innumerable eyes shed tears,—
 Our hopes are drown'd in painful fears :
 Mourn, England, mourn ; weep and deplore :
 The world's great friend hath left our shore.

The toiling millions o'er their board,
 By his firm hand with plenty stor'd,
 Mingle their tears, his loss deplore ;
 Fond hearts are bleeding to the core :
 Mourn, England, mourn ; weep and deplore :
 The world's great friend hath left our shore.

The thrones of emperors and kings,
 And all such vain and pompous things,
 Were nought to him, who was designed
 To rule the empire of the mind :
 Mourn, England, mourn ; weep and deplore :
 A British chief hath left our shore.

Yet he is gone to deathless realms,
 Where neither cloud nor storm o'erwhelms,
 To take his everlasting rest,
 Among the British heroes, blest :
 Mourn, England, mourn ; weep and deplore :
 The world's true friend hath left its shore.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

POEMS, &c.

SONNET.

Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest,
Who made our land an island of the blest.—SHELLEY.

O ! come, thou of the mild and gentle heart,
Come, we will haste to academic bowers,
And converse hold with man's eternal part,
The deathless mind, and its aspiring powers,
While Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare and all those,
Of my own land, who have grasped hands with Time,
And smiled upon Eternity, disclose
Their potent charms in the immortal rhyme :

Eternal amulets against life's ills !
My inmost heart your inmost treasure fills,
And my imagination wanders round,
In sacred pleasure, your enchanted ground :
When I forget your lessons, I shall be
Wrapt in the tomb's remote obscurity.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

O, blithe new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice :
 O, Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

“The same, which in my school-boy days
 I listened to; that cry,
 Which made me look a thousand ways,
 In bush, and tree, and sky. WORDSWORTH.

I hear thy voice, lone bird of the spring ;
 But I cannot tell from what tree thou dost sing :
 Art thou a bird, or a wandering sound,
 That falls from the sky, or springs from the ground,
 And dwells on the bush, and then on the tree,
 And chants thy lonely, wild melody ?

I hear from some low bush, or high bough,
 Thy twain of changeless notes, Cuckoo ;
 Wild Echo revives each expiring note,
 Whilst another is rising from thy throat :
 Her lone response fills the pause between
 Thy song, as it charms this woodland scene.

O then, think not, rare bird, that she mocks thy lay ;
 There's a charm in thy voice, whose wonderful sway,
 Compels her to lisp thy words, and prolong
 The lingering sounds of thine own wild song ;
 Her mimic voice in her secret cell,
 Cometh from one, who loves thee well.

I have been 'round the gnarlèd oak in the dell,
 And 'round the white thorn above the well,
 And over the briers, and over the fern,
 And over the rock that looks wild and stern,
 And over the streamlet, whose margin gleams
 With flowers as bright as the solar beams.

I have travers'd the wood and the vale around,
 But neither in wood nor in vale art thou found :
 I must leave thee, sweet bird, in this woodland scene,
 For a far less happy place, I ween :
 Like Echo, thou hidest thyself in thy cell,
 Lone bird of the spring, farewell ! farewell !

I'VE BEEN WITH THEE.

I've been with thee—I've been with thee ;
 When Fancy's magic witchery,
 With potent spells, surrounded me,
 I've been with thee—I've been with thee.

When Phœbus, bursting night's deep shade,
 To the vast world his light display'd,
 And birds sang forth their minstrelsy,
 I've been with thee—I've been with thee.

When the meridian hour appear'd,
 And festive mirth my young heart cheer'd,
 I've ta'en the bright cup eagerly,
 To drink a joyous health to thee.

When twilight's soothing hour came on,
 And Sol his glorious race had run,
 A heavenly calm came over me—
 I breath'd a vesper prayer for thee.

And when night shrouded me in sleep,
 Still Fancy would her vigil keep ;
 Thy constant spirit came to me
 In happy, happy dreams of thee.

I've been with thee, in joy and pride,
 At morn, at noon, at eventide ;
 Thro' night's dark gloom, through day's bright glee,
 I've been with thee—I've been with thee.

And now, while time away doth wing,
 Still my fond heart to thine doth cling ;
 I'd turn from all the world to be
 One happy moment more with thee.

ODE TO FANCY.

Come, Fancy, dainty Ariel, with thy spells
 Bind me awhile within thy fairy cells :
 Young Zephyrus is coming,
 Over hill and valley roaming ;
 His honied breath, from his sweet mouth, he pours
 Upon calm evening's drooping, weeping flowers ;
 And young Endymion,
 And the bright silvery moon

Are smiling upon the starry canopy,
 And lovely Hesperus sheds her light on me.
 Come, Fancy, Ariel fair,
 With thy sunny, yellow hair,
 Thy wand'ring eye, and soaring, downy pinion,—
 Come, take me now into thy bland dominion ;
 And wrap me round in thy
 Mantle of sweet poësy,
 And I will woo enchanting Melancholy,
 And clinging Sympathy, sincere and holy,
 And sacred Truth and Love,
 And Peace, the meek-eyed dove ;
 And I will shun the boisterous idiot—Laughter,
 And proud Cold-heartedness I soon will waft her
 Away from thy young wing ;
 And let not falsehood's sting
 Envenom'd pierce me, nor hatred fell
 Poison the waters of love's limpid well ;
 Nor let fierce passion's war
 Inflict a wound, or scar,
 Upon my tranquil breast, on me, nor mine ;
 But let our spirits live in harmony divine.
 1826.

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

I was a child, a careless child,
 And simple words were taught to me ;
 My mother's eyes upon me smil'd
 Through all my days of infancy :
 Through every passing live-long day,
 I laugh'd the hours of life away.

I was a boy, a comely boy,
 And in my hands were pen and book ;
 My father's hope, my mother's joy,
 Who watch'd me with an anxious look ;
 And gentle words of love and truth,
 Were whisper'd to my tender youth.

When I was somewhat older grown,
 They sent me to a village school :
 Lyceum then, or l'arthenon,

Existed not, with Learning's rule,
 Nor Science pour'd her flood of light,
 To bless the intellectual sight.

But, now in region darkly dim,
 Mid worldly men, and selfish fears,
 She teaches us to smile on Him,
 Who waters not the world with tears,
 But, like the sun, sends reason's beam
 To guide us down life's devious stream.

I am a man, an humble man,
 With loving heart, and thoughtful mind ;
 Nature's all-glorious works I scan,

With will subdu'd, and soul resign'd :
 And the great Spirit, who rules the earth,
 Hath borne me onward from my birth.

I am a man, and let me crave,
 That, while my own immortal soul,
 Sojourneth on this side the grave,
 True as the needle to the pole,
 Virtue, and truth, and justice may
 Attend me to my latest day. (1)

1840.

W O M A N .

A SONG.

I've liv'd upon the mountain,
I've dwelt upon the plain ;
Beside the gushing fountain,
Upon the briny main ;
In halls and castles on the land,
In ships upon the sea ;
But on the sea, or on the strand,
Still woman clung to me.

For forty years and over,
Together we have been ;
And not a youthful lover
Was ever fonder seen,
Than I am to my gentle dame,
As thro' life's vale we rove ;
The ills of life, they press the same,
But cannot quench my love.

A down the vale of life I wend,
My drooping head is grey ;
One constant woman is my friend,
Companion of my way ;
And when life's cares are over,
One favour let me crave,
That we may sleep together,
In the dreamless, silent grave.

SONNET TO —

You think me fickle ; but I'm fix'd as fate,
 To live the rest of life, in humble state,
 With the dear muse, my ever-constant mate.
 Yet, if there were, on this cold spot of earth,
 One blessed spirit, with her eyes of mirth
 And beauty beaming, bent with smiles on me,
 Our genial hearts all love and harmony,
 Perchance, I might taste the felicity
 Of matrimony, and in rural cot,
 Preserve my love, to bless the sacred spot :
 Then, in my dreams poetic, through this life,
 Replete with vanities, and worldly strife,
 Caress that blessing, as a bard befits,
 A gentle wife, companion of my dreams.

STANZAS TO A CHILD.

Thou'rt ever decked in smiles, sweet child,
 As bright as morning's sky ;
 And as thou onward roam'st life's wild,
 O ! may'st thou never sigh :
 Sweet silver-drops thy mouth distils,
 Like water-drops from limpid rills,
 That winter's frost defy :
 Thou smil'st in beauty undefil'd,
 A careless, uncomplaining child.

These words from me, in love to thee,
 Perchance may meet thine eye ;
 A true memorial may they be,
 When years have passèd by,
 Of thine own childhood's happy years,
 When thy blue eyes had shed no tears,
 When thy heart heav'd no sigh :
 Perchance this page also may be
 A record of my love to thee.

I've seen the snowdrop in the spring,
 Ere winter's snow was gone,
 A fair, a pure, a spotless thing,
 Bright as the sun that shone
 Upon it's beauty ; and I thought
 It was a type that nature wrought
 For me to look upon,
 Of thine own purity and brightness,
 And of thy young heart's happy lightness.

Thou art an emblem and a sign
 Of beauty, and of pleasure,
 A rare device of love divine,
 Without a bourne or measure :
 Smile on, sweet child, in peerless beauty,
 Live on, sweet child, in filial duty,
 Thy mother's richest treasure :
 Her heart is yearning for thee, child,
 Young wanderer on life's bleak wild.

If prayers and orisons avail
 Aught with the power that sways
 Life's destinies, thou wilt not fail
 To pass thro' this world's maze,
 Pure as the snowdrop of the spring,
 That lives and dies a spotless thing,
 And passes its brief days
 In stainless glory, and when faded
 Seems a dead vestal undegraded.

O! when thy days of infancy
 And womanhood for aye
 Are vanish'd, and death visits thee,
 In overwhelming sway,
 Transforming life to ashes, let
 Thy virtue's sun be still un-set,
 Bright as meridian day;
 And then wilt thou, while mourners weep,
 In glory sleep death's dreamless sleep.

THE SONG OF PEACE.

When the sun, at glerious morning,
 Spread around his rising beams;
 And, at eve, the sky adorning,
 Still display'd his crimson gleams:
 Then awoke the Theban Marble, (2)
 Cheerful as his coming ray,
 Sad as Philomela's warble,
 Mourning at departing day:

Harps of eastern lands were breathing,
 Round each sacred mount and grove ;
 Lyres of Grecia, laurels wreathing,
 For the bards of war and love :
 Silver lutes and golden lyres,
 Vital with Apollo's breath,
 Glowing with celestial fires,
 Sooth'd the cold embrace of death.

Macedonian Alexander,
 Conqueror of the olden world,
 Sigh'd thro' other spheres to wander,
 Wept to see his banners furl'd ;
 To Ammonian Jove aspiring,
 Claiming even the rites divine ;
 Yet, in gloomy night retiring,
 Mad with glory—drunk with wine.

Changing to luxurious Persian,
 Sank the Macedonian name,
 His own countrymen's aversion,
 First, their glory, then, their shame :
 Honest Clitus, rudely speaking
 Truth unto a tyrant King,
 In his blood he soon was reeking,
 Feasting chang'd to murdering.

Egypt, Persia, India, swaying,
 He return'd to Babylon ;
 There he stopt his cruel slaying—
 Stay—O stay—yet, still, there's ONE—

One more mad and reckless murder,
 As the MAGI had foretold,
 Ere he march'd one footstep further—
 Shall it be the conqueror bold?

The Cup of Hercules was found him :
 Now, Ammonian Jove, he's thine—
 Courtiers, warriors, all surround him,
 Dies the conqueror—kill'd with wine.
 Build the shrine, erect the temple,
 Raise the monuments of time ;
 Lo ! the glorious example
 Of heroic war and crime.

Babylon, of ancient story,
 His untimely tomb became,
 Raging with ambition's glory,
 Cruel murder stain'd his name :
 Keen remorse, like Vulture tearing,
 Bound him prostrate on his bed ;
 Cruel tyrants die despairing—
 Thus, young Ammon bow'd his head. (3)

Roman trumpets loudly sounding
 Glorious Cæsar's onward march,
 Eagles soaring—war-steeds bounding,
 Pass the high triumphal arch :
 Citizens, with acclamation,
 Hail the conqueror, in his car ;
 Priests perform the dread libation,
 Praise the Gods for glorious war.

Roman legions are advancing,
 Conquering Cæsar marcheth on—
 Helmets in the sun-light glancing,
 As he pass'd the Rubicon :
 Plebeians shout—the senate tremble—
 Lo ! the legions enter Rome :
 Conscience sleeps, and men dissemble ;
 Lo ! imperial Cæsar's come.

Tully spoke his grand oration—
 Cæsar sought Britannia's Isle ;
 And return'd from his invasion,
 Still, her sea-girt mountains smile :
 Scenes of rampant war were changing—
 Unto Brutus Cassius flies—
 Dark conspiracy arranging—
 Thus, imperial Cæsar dies,

Clarions, bugles, pibrochs, playing,
 Close the death-ranks, one by one ;
 Thus, the war-fiend smiles in slaying,
 Thus, the death-march moveth on :
 Comes a darker king of terror—
 Comes another warrior-clan :
 Like the dreaded serpent, Error,
 Twin'd around the frame of man.

Ancient heroes all exceeding,
 Lo ! behold ! the modern Mars !
 Thousands—millions—soon were bleeding,
 Chief imperial of the wars :

Great Napoleon, Gallia's hero,
 Triumph'd over Alpine heights ;
 Often-times, a cruel Nero,
 Blood-stain'd honour crown'd his fights.

Who can count the *Conscripts* dying
 On each blighted field of corn ;
 Number all the widows sighing,
 And the children left forlorn :
 Millions slain in horrid battle,
 City-walls raz'd to the ground,
 Cannons, like the thunder, rattle,
 Stunning nations with the sound.

Liberty, or revolution,
 Struggles—conquests—madness—death—
 Royal pomp and Destitution,
 Thus, the people waste their breath :
 Shudder'd universal nations—
 War was made a royal game—
 Russia blaz'd with conflagrations,
 Moscow shrunk beneath the flame.

Armies rise in dread commotion,
 From his throne the Emperor flies ;
 Pass'd athwart the dreary ocean,
 On a barren rock he dies :
 Sad ambition ! shallow glory !
 Thirst of wild, heroic fame !
 Man, to fill a page in story,
 Glories in an empty name.

Power Eternal ! spirit of kindness !
 Breathing peace and pure good will ;
 Dissipating human blindness,
 With thy love subduing ill :
 Shower thy grace upon the legions,
 Prone to shed their fellows' blood ;
 Cast thy light to darkest regions,
 Pour on all thy sovereign good.

Dogs of war may cease their howling,
 Havoc hold his murderous din ;
 Wolves of carnage stay their prowling,
 Truth shall triumph over sin :
 Shrines and temples are arising,
 Where the beams of Heaven may glow ;
 And, inglorious fanes despising,
 Love and light on man bestow.

Men, exalted unto freedom,
 Now enlighten'd, lead the van ;
 Falsehoods vanish—shall we need 'em ?
 Have they not deluded man ?
 Now reclaim'd from degradation,
 He assumes a noble mien,
 Temperance and Education,
 Love and mercy bless the scene.

Bandage not the human reason,
 Hoodwink not the human eye ;
 For all things there is a season,
 And a time for liberty :

Thrones may crumble, altars perish,
 Crowns and mitres sink in night,
 But the God of Truth will cherish
 Men determined for the right.

Sacred temples of our Father,
 Old Cathedrals of renown,
 May no superstition gather (4)
 Strength to drag your glory down :
 Within—without the pale be humble,
 Many wandering souls to save ;
 Pride and selfishness shall crumble,
 As the ashes of the grave.

Harps of genius! 'rouse the people,
 Teach mankind in age and youth ;
 Sound the peal in every steeple,
 For the glorious work of Truth :
 Who is conqueror, pure and glorious,
 In the times of selfish strife ?
 He, who, o'er himself victorious,
 Leads a peaceful, holy life.

THE PRISONER'S DREAM.

My prison door was open wide,
 Six moons had roll'd away,
 From August to the month of March,
 Each weary night and day.

I hasten'd to my native home,
 So quick, I seem'd to fly ;
 " Ah ! love, ah ! father, are you come ?"
 My wife and children cry.

My wife fell sobbing on my breast,
 With tears of joy and love,
 Imploring blessings on my head,
 From God in heaven above.

I kiss'd my wife and children's cheeks,
 Their tender hearts did pant ;
 I've done so often in my dreams,
 In the Castle of the Gaunt.

My little William look'd as mild
 And gentle as a lamb ;
 He is my pretty first-born child—
 How fond of him I am.

Poor little Alfred look'd quite sly,
 And whisper'd to his mother,
 Peep'd from the corner of his eye,
 At sister and at brother.

My little Esther's lips I kiss'd,
 My April rose, I ween ;
 I kiss'd them over, one and all,
 It was a loving scene.

My infant Biron at the breast,
 I gave a father's kiss ;
 He gave me in his " lulling nest,"
 A secret happiness.

My buried children for awhile
 To me were only given ;
 I saw them with the angels smile
 Among the blest in Heaven.

Wy wife shed tears, my children cried,
 Their tender hearts did pant ;
 Then I awoke from my sweet dream,
 In the Castle of the Gaunt.

SONNET.

(Written in early life.)

Now let my happy heart rejoice,
 A light hath beam'd upon my mind ;
 The sweet sound of a soothing voice
 Is in my memory still enshrined ;
 Its balmy influence hath freed
 My drooping soul from a slavish creed :
 The light I saw, the voice I heard,
 Were the dulcet tongue and beaming eye
 Of liberty's peace-bringing bird,
 That carol'd sweetest minstrelsy ;
 It dropt from its bill a broken chain,
 And songs of freedom breath'd again :
 This burden bold it ever gave—
 Man was not made to be a slave.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone
 To read and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, and offending none.

CHAS. COTTON.

O! teach me in thy dear and holy hour,
 Thy bosom's quiet happiness to gain. CHAS. SWAIN.

O Solitude!
 Sweet nymph, come, ope thine arms;
 Shield me from rude
 Society's alarms,
 And let me feast upon thy lovely charms.

I am alone,
 In my dear native dell;
 The muse hath thrown
 Around me the strong spell,
 Which bids my fancy soar, my bosom swell.

I am from men,
 From human things away;
 In that dear glen,
 Where nature holds her sway,
 And heart and mind her awful power obey.

I stand beside
 My native winding stream,
 Whose waters glide
 More near to me, and beseem.
 To kiss my feet, as I do fondly dream.

O Solitude!
 To thee, for peace, I fly ;
 Far, far from rude
 And joyless company,
 With thee to live, with thee, sweet nymph, to die.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF JEREMIAH VERSIFIED.

Sacred strains, breathed from the prophet,
 In the days of Israel's king, (5)
 Princely son of king Josiah,
 And instructive words did bring :

“Go unto the house of Rechab,
 Bring before the Lord divine,
 All the brethren in the chamber ;
 And for drink give them the wine.

Bring them near the princely chambers,
 Place before them wine in store ;
 O'er the chambers of Maaseiah,
 Shallum's son, who guards the door.”

Came the Rechabithish Brethren,
 Sons and daughters, children, wives,
 Kith and kin, in goodly order,
 Who were leading sober lives.

Jeremiah, the great prophet,
 Wine-cups placed upon the board ;
 But the brethren were commanded ;
 Jonadab had given the word :

“ If we would live well together,
 Thro’ each scene of coming time,
 We must all abstain for ever,
 And be free from war and crime.

Neither may we plant the vineyard ;
 All our days we keep our tent ;
 Never join the brutal armies,
 Nor in wretchedness lament.”

Now, for many happy years,
 They have dwelt in tents the while,
 Free from all forboding fears,
 While around their children smile.

Once more breathes the inspiration ;
 Boundless joys on Rechab shine :
 Brethren ! keep your manly station ;
 Listen to the word divine :

“ Go, and tell the men of Judah,
 Tell it unto one and all,
 That the sons of faithful Rechab,
 Answer’d truly wisdom’s call.

Jonadab's commandment followed ;

Never tasting of the wine—

Men of Judah and Jerusalem,

Ye will not attend to mine :

I have sent to ye my servants—

I have bade the prophets old,

Rising early, to give counsel,

Dearer, purer far than gold :

All the Rechabites attended,

Unto counsel wise and true ;

But my people have not hearken'd—

Have not done what they should do.”

Therefore evils seiz'd the nation,

As pronounc'd by holy word,

In the sacred proclamations—

Crimes and slaughters of the sword.

Spoke again the holy prophet,

“ Sons of Rechab ! kind and true ;

Ye have kept your father's precepts,

Therefore Heaven protecteth you.

While the course of time is bending

Unto the receding past,

Heavenly mercies are descending,

And will crown the good at last.

Listen to this wholesome lesson

Given by divine command,

That ye fix your tents and homesteads,

In your peaceful, native land :

Cultivate the ground in safety,
 Where no warring hordes may roam ;
 And for all this wise obedience,
 Comfort shall surround your home.

 As you kept your father's counsel,
 Gave obedience to his laws,
Ye shall never want a man
To stand before you in your cause,

 Friends in need are friends indeed ;
 Ye shall find a friend in Me ;
 Endless blessings are decreed,
 Through time, unto eternity." (4)

THE RECLAMATION.

Bards have breath'd their songs and strains,
 Over wine, and over war ;
 Amid pleasures, amid pains,
 And 'mid battle's scath and scar ;
 Song hath blazon'd heroes fam'd,
 On the land, and on the sea ;
 I may sing of One reclaim'd
 From the drinker's misery.

The warm sun was shining bright,
 Thro' his chamber-window-pane,
 With a sweet and holy light,
 Yet, it shone for him in vain ;

For his days had evil been,
 So to darkness he inclin'd ;
 And he could not view the scene,
 Without agony of mind.

He was wasting quick away—
 He was sinking very fast—
 And without one hopeful ray,
 When a Spirit came at last ;
 Brightly smil'd at his bed side,
 A serene and loving smile ;
 And ask'd how he did betide,
 In this world of gloom and guile.
 Then, he sigh'd, bereav'd of hope,
 Or for this, or other world ;
 Like a down-right misanthrope,
 Into utter darkness hurl'd

(He speaks.)

Alas ! what would I not give
 For my peace of mind again ;
 A true, temp'rate life to live,
 And to wash away this stain :
 This foul stain on me and mine—
 This deep sin-spot on my name ?
 I have broken laws divine—
 And have revell'd in my shame :
 Oft, amid the reeking breath
 Of the tavern, and the inn,
 In mad mockery of death,
 I have triumph'd in my sin.

Not e'en *Roscius*, on the stage,
 In the famous poet's line,
 Could be louder in his rage,
 Than I often was in mine :
 Mouths would gape, and eyes would stare,
 As my words burst loud and fast ;
 But, the baleful *drink* was there,
 And it conquer'd me, at last.

Came to pass my days of sorrow,
 And my nights of sleepless pain ;
 And I trembled for the morrow,
 When I stagger'd forth again :—
 Worse, and worse—here, I am lying—
 Prostrate in this cheerless room—
 Save me, Visitant ! from dying,
 And, the worse than death to come.

Angel-visitant ! O, say,
 Where—where is it Peace doth dwell ?
 Every mortal, led astray,
 Finds too soon his breast a hell :
 Thou art come for *good*, not *evil* ;
 Admonition I may bear ;
 Eyes of light beseem not devil—
 Mercy beams for ever there.

Alas ! why had I a birth ?
 Should an *incubus* pursue—
 Press me down to mother-earth,
 And my very soul subdue ?

Then, he sank upon his pillow,
 While respiring thick and fast ;
 And, like any drooping willow,
 Shrinking from the bitter blast.

But, a cheering cordial given
 To the wretched, sinking one,—
 Whose sad mind was torn and riven,
 And whose spirit, nearly gone,—
 Soon reviv'd the hope of life,
 And he sat up, in his bed ;
 And he look'd upon his wife,
 And then hung his weary head.

In deep sorrow for his errors,
 His bewilder'd eyes shed tears,
 Amid dark, thick-coming terrors,
 Amid mortal frailty's fears :
 Those hot tears were smil'd away
 By that true and constant one ;
 Who had watch'd him, night and day,
 Nor had left him once alone.

Yet, deep grief had blanch'd her face,
 And dark wreaths of sorrow were
 Close-commingled with the grace
 Of pure love and beauty there :
 Thus, the radiant Spirit, now,
 Breath'd a whisper in his ear :

(The Spirit Speaks.)

Wandering feet have sought the slough
Of despondency and fear.

O, blame not, rash mortal, aught,
For this darkness of thy soul,
Save the illusions thou hast sought
In the worship of the bowl :
Wast not thou the reckless cause—
The unhappy cause of all ?
Rebel 'gainst Heaven's changeless laws,
And await a final fall.

Mortal ! now, with evils cross'd,
Come, arouse thyself once more—
What thy maddest folly lost,
Let sweet Temperance restore :
O ! irresolute mortal ! strive
To brace up life's feeble cords—
Thy sad spirit may revive—
But, mark well my warning words.

Do not cast thy sins on others—
Well thou knowest what is right—
Come, and join our Band of Brothers—
Come, and fight with them the fight,
In their warfare with this ill,
Of such men as thou, the shame,
That may native genius kill,
And disgrace a noble name.

Not the alcoholic fire

 Needest thou within thy frame,
To relight poetic fire,

 To relume the muse's flame :
The Creator's bounteous hand,
 Thy superior gifts hath will'd ;
And his love and light demand,
 That thy mission be fulfill'd.

Then the Spirit look'd more bright—

 Shone with a seraphic glow—
And surrounded him with light,
 And upheld him in his woe :
With the tranquilizing song
 Of sweet temperance and peace,
His frail life it may prolong,
 As it bade his sorrows cease.

Then he bless'd that spirit mild,

 As it cheer'd him in his room,
When his mind was wandering wild,
 In his agony and gloom :
And he shed, before high Heaven,
 Showers of penitential tears,
In the hope to be forgiven
 For his many sinful years.

Soon a covenant was fram'd—

 And a sacred scroll unfurl'd,
As he long'd to be reclaim'd
 From the darkness of the world :

On that scroll he made his sign—
 On that scroll the deed was done—
 And the Spirit of light divine
 Shone far brighter than the sun.

Many ling'ring days o'er him
 Pass'd in moments slowly by ;
 And his eyes, which then were dim,
 Strengthen'd, brighten'd gradually :
 His thin trembling hands wax'd firm,
 And he soon resum'd his pen,
 For 'mid danger's tide and term,
 He had serv'd his fellow men.

He arose from couch of pain,
 On an early, cheerful day ;
 And he rallied once again,
 And pursu'd the better way ;
 And e'er since that vision'd trance,
 Underneath the blessed sun,
 In the cause of Temperance,
 The pure Spirit's will was done.

THE INVITATION.

Come, in the morning time,
 Or, in the noon-tide hour,
 Or, when the evening chime
 Brings music's sweetest power ;
 Come, where the woodland birds

Are singing, one and all,
 And with melodious words,
 Unto each other call ;
 Come, to this sylvan scene, of nature to remind thee,
 Come, at the poet's call, and leave thy cares behind thee.

Come, where the brook is flowing,
 At its own gentle will ;
 And spring-time buds are growing
 Beside the limpid rill :
 O ! leave the city's throng,
 The frowning and the smiling ;
 Seek solitude among
 These happy scenes, beguiling
 The quiet time away, to soothe the troubled breast,
 And feel that sweet delight, a happy day of rest.

Come, to my quiet bower,
 Come, to my simple fare,
 At the sweet evening hour,
 In the scented evening air,
 When the Hesper-star is beaming
 In glory, on thy way,
 And the glow-worm's lamp is gleaming
 A farewell to the day :
 Come, to this sylvan scene, of nature to remind thee,
 Come, at the poet's call, and leave thy cares behind thee.

REMEMBER ME.

On the lone shore
 Of the bleak sea,
 Wand'ring once more,
 I think of thee—
 I think of thee—I think of thee,
 And thou wilt still remember me.

O'er yellow sands,
 In mounds and cells,
 On ocean's strands,
 Studded with shells,
 I lonely roam, and think of thee,
 And thou wilt still remember me.

In wood—on plain—
 By stream, or fountain—
 On ocean's main,
 Or on the mountain,
 I think of thee—I think of thee,
 And thou wilt still remember me.

Flowers from the field,
 And pearls from ocean,
 My hands shall yield,
 With love's emotion
 Glowing for thee—with love for thee,
 And thou wilt still remember me.

And when I come
 To thy green bowers,
 No more to roam,
 But pass life's hours,
 My love, with thee—my love, with thee,
 Then, thou wilt aye remember me !

S H A K S P E R E .

Homeward I pass, like a returning child,
 A truant from his native school too long,
 And bathe my limbs in Avon's richest stream,
 Or gather choicest pearls upon its banks,
 Worthy to grace the crowns of sovereign Jove,
 Apollo, Mercury, and the elder gods.

O myriad-minded Shakspeare ! Proteus
 Of many shapes, and ever prone to change !
 Thou, of the hundred hands, our own Ægæon ! (6)
 In gentle human form, and fair proportion,
 Yet, with a hundred eyes, internally,
 Each of more ken than Argus e'er could boast,
 Of all the staring eyes his forehead bore.
 In infinite variety of shade, thou art
 Ethereal—heavenly—natural—fantastic—
 The immortal spirit of the sea-girt Isles ;
 Destined to fame as durable as Greece,
 And all *her* sacred, celebrated Isles.
 Old worlds, hard struggling with the hands of Time,
 And new, emerging late from forests wild,

And seas and mountains glorious, and vast,
 Have placed thee first of Nature's noblemen,
 And first of princes in the Mind's great kingdom,
 Whose sovereign arbiter is DEITY.

I can converse with kings, in studying thee ;
 With wits, physicians, and most famous scholars ;
 With counsellors more eloquent and wise
 Than ever wore a gown, or touch'd a fee ;
 With rude mechanics, and gay citizens ;—
 Thoughtless the last, sagacious, yet, the former ;—
 With ladies, who are women in their hearts,
 Acting accordant unto every pulse ;
 With gentlemen, of gentle minds and manners,
 Whose souls of goodness, warm their feeling hearts,
 And shower around them, multitudes of blessings ;
 And should I long to sympathize with sorrow,
 I may mourn o'er the broken human heart,
 And that worst stroke of all, the human mind,
 Beaming in beauty, amid splendid ruins ;
 And should I yearn to search the gloomy depths
 Of passion, and uplift the secret veil
 Which hides from vulgar gaze, man's mortal frailties,
 And dreadful aberrations manifold,—
 The conqueror, the madman, and the lover,
 The murderer, murdering Innocence asleep,
 Destroying his own sleep and peace for ever,
 A sad quaternion of living woe ;
 With *Hamlet*, prince of Denmark in old time,
 And now, the prince of the great English stage,

Of metaphysic skill and scholar'd art,—
Can open worlds to me before unknown.

Wondrous creation of the poet's soul—
That *Hamlet* I have read and seen so oft !
In youth a charm—in age a greater charm ;
Of mind benevolent, and o'er-informed ;
With this world's wicked subtlety disturb'd,
Harassed, probed, wounded to the very quick ;
And yet whose solemn harmony is like
The soothing music of the evening bells,
Albeit disturbed by the hoarse raven's voice.

Beloved sounds ! those sweet old English chimes !
Oft have I heard ye, far away from home,
When somewhat wearied with too tedious travel,
Upon the churchyard steps I have reclin'd,
And nought but simple tears could me relieve.
Oh ! then I thought of home and charming things ;
Of music, sweet as that within mine ears ;
And that soft truckle bed my mother made
For me, attentive through the live-long day ;
And would not leave me till I'd said my prayers,
And fallen into a sweet, oblivious sleep.
Upon those hallow'd steps I thought of him,
Who wished his bones might never be disturbed,
As they now rest in Avon's sacred chancel :—
Ah ! thus I thought of Shakspeare, in his youth,
Joyfully scattering his wild oaten seed,
Who, with his buoyant spirit, fondly thought,
That the free gifts of Nature were his own,—

The hare, the partridge, and the pheasant, too,
 Of many-colour'd beauty, like his muse,
 All-beauteous, as the bird of paradise,—
 And in a wilful moment of the mind,
 Seized the wild deer, or timid hart, or roe,
 Making the beauteous creatures all his own.
 Ah! thus I thought of Shakspeare! In his youth
 Compell'd to leave his loved Avonian haunts,
 For a great city's greater solitude;
 Deep as contiguous, never-ending shades,
 Whose branches intermingle and entwine
 In one vast foliage of embowering trees,
 Entangled under-wood, and branches wild:
 Within that depth of solitude he wrought,
 Like his own *Prospero*, the magic charm,
 And threw his plastic genius o'er the world.

What *midnight dreams*, and *tempests* of the mind!
 What battles, storms, wrecks, sad catastrophies!
 Kings hush'd to death, with crowns upon their heads,
 Allowed no time for grace and penitence;
 Usurpers quickly seated upon thrones,
 And villains decked in rich embroidery
 Of gold and ermine, stuffs of costly purchase,
 Proud in their office, taunting modest merit;
 Honesty a-hungred, roguery o'er-gorged;
 While melancholy *Jaques* retires from court
 To bear his burden of disquietude,
 And play his wit, in melancholy mirth,
 With pleasant fools, as witty in their kind;

Or mingle his salt tears with stricken deer,
 Deserted by its fellows of the shade,
 Like a sad bankrupt of the busy world.

POETICAL PASSAGES.

(INSCRIBED TO A POETICAL FRIEND.)

*Written after reading the book of Job, and Leigh Hunt's Translations
 from the Greek.*

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian muse.

MILTON.

O ! let me live, and pass my future days,
 Far from the town, and all its sordid ways,
 In some remote and quiet rural spot,
 With much that's in my brain to be forgot ;—
 Like happy "Sylvan," wall'd around with books ; (7)
 My wife and children, with their sweetest looks,
 Should then be with me, to delight me ever :
 Gladly would I make every fair endeavour
 To satisfy domestic claims ; at eve,
 I'd read, what many now will not believe,
 The Scriptures, dwelling on the book of Job,
 The grandest drama on this earthly globe :
 I read it once, with interest that thrills
 All bosoms, which the sacred spirit fills,
 At a sweet fire-side, beyond the Yorkshire hills.

Not Lear, declaiming in his awful mood,
 At cruel daughters' base ingratitude ;
 Not Hamlet's lessons to his dearest mother,
 Who *kill'd a king to marry with his brother* ;
 Not black Othello mourning o'er the bed
 Of the fond Desdemona murdered,
 Have such sublime magnificence of mien,
 As the Almighty's thunder lowering o'er the scene.
 Whether a Hebrew or a Persian wrote
 The book, much learning and research to quote,
 Is not my task ; I cannot but admire,
 What gives the mind the pleasures I desire.
 I love the sun, the eternal source of light
 And life ; the moon that beautifies the night ;
 The evening star with her bright, glowing eye,
 And her bland smiles enlivening the sky ;
 But almost more I love our Shakspeare's fame,
 The greatest glory of the British name.
 Dear reader, if the Greek and Roman tongues be sealed
 Hermetically from you, and you wish reveal'd
 The true simplicity and Attic grace,
 Which brighten with eternal smiles the classic face,
 In the choice moments of your leisure time,
 Take the translations, free from fetter'd rhyme,
 Of him, to warm the heart with love and pity,
 Who wrote the " Legend " of fair Florence city.
 Theocritus' and Bion's gentle page
 Will from all worldly cares your mind engage :
 Hear Moschus, more than Milton his lost Lycid, mourn
 The death of Bion, with the tears that burn

The callous cheek of him, who will not feel,
 Shielding his heart with armoury of steel ;
 But all in vain : e'en bars of steel give way ;
 The human heart must own its master's sway,
 And, true to nature, the poetic fire,
 Flashing from every string of his immortal lyre,
 Melts and dissolves till you almost expire :
 These are the richest treasures of mankind,
 They give the heart the sabbath of the mind.
 The sabbath of the mind ! the sabbath of the soul !
 A heaven on earth, no dæmon-powers control ;
 An ecstasy of thought, an Eden-dream of bliss,
 The sweetest draught of earthly happiness,
 The chaste, ineffable delights of truth,
 As innocent as the unspotted youth,
 Before the world corrupts with its foul stain,
 When guileless hearts and minds may hold their golden
 reign.

Painful as death appears, assume what shape he will,
 Whatever weapon he may take to kill,
 Whoe'er he snatches from this mortal sphere,
 Unto his world of shades, the grief and fear
 Are heaviest, and oppress the thinking mind,
 When suddenly, in their young years we find,
 Within his reckless grasp, the friends of human kind.
 The young and gifted favourites of heaven !
 Their light and love a few brief moments given :
 Like torches gleaming in the distance far,
 To the wan eyes of the lone traveller,
 We look upon them to illumine our way ;

And sigh to lose them, as, at close of day,
 The wanderer mourn'd, his journey but begun,
 While his full, streaming eyes beheld the setting sun. (8)

There was a time in glorious Bess's days,
 When there were poets it were vain to praise :
 Shakspeare and Spenser grace my book-shelves still,
 Dryden and Pope are ready at my will,
 And many minor bards above my quill ;
 Milton's rich " Comus " woos me to his cave,
 I drink his potion till I reel or rave ;
 " Il Penseroso " charms my soul from earth,
 And " L'Allegro " inspires my heart with mirth.
 When the patrician Byron rul'd the age,
 Poets there were, whose still more brilliant page
 Shone like the zodiac, thick set with stars ;
 Homer and Virgil, Ilion's famous wars,
 Gave place to Lara and the Corsair's scars ;
 Childe Harold and Don Juan wild and bright,
 Inspir'd mankind with exquisite delight ;
 Shelley's " Alastor," " Adonais " divine,
 Warm and invigorate this heart of mine ;
 I feel immortal at young Keats' shrine.

Yet, there is one, whose spirit full of grace,
 Breathes a pure love for all the human race—
 A wit, a critic, and a poet, too,
 True to himself and to his country true ;
 Author of many gentle, truthful books,
 Taming the savage with the blindest looks,

Who would beat Captain Sword with Captain Pen,
 Refine and liberalize his fellow men :
 Were I to choose a piece, or have a voice
 'Mongst authors, give me Leigh Hunt's " Choice :"
 Give me those pleasures, those without alloy,
 Those intellectual banquets I enjoy,
 And in my youth enjoy'd, and often since—
 Sweet as the " Sabbath " of the poet, Prince.

If you will not consent a common life
 To lead, rush forward boldly in the strife
 Of life's rude battle ; but forget not this :
 The purest fame leads to the purest bliss :
 Preserve your conscience, 'tis too great a prize
 To throw away before the world's keen eyes ;
 Blest with true genius, the rare gift of God,
 You better had remain'd a " kneaded clod,"
 Or pass'd through life a happy, thoughtless clown,
 Than barter this bright gem to deck an emperor's crown.
 Is it a name you covet ? Pray, then try
 Life's brightest path—the path of honesty ;
 Vie, if you can, with Socrates' pure fame,
 Let Marvel shield you from inglorious shame :—
 I would not meanly grovel in the dust,
 Nor stifle life with famish'd Otway's crust,
 Nor die, like Richard Savage, in a gaol,
 For Johnson's pearls to sparkle o'er the tale ;
 But let me quaff even the poison-bowl
 Of Chatterton, rather than sell my soul
 To power's dreadful Mephistophiles ;

Or let the night-shade draught of Socrates,
 Become my potion, on this side the grave,
 Trusting for mercy to the God who gave
 The incorruptible and fearless mind
 A spirit to defend and bless mankind—
 Leaving both fame and fortune to the wind.

Now, for awhile, I bid the muse adieu,
 Adieu to poetry, but not to you ;—
You may I always meet, when labour's o'er,
 And life's demands require our toil no more,
 During the day allotted for our rest :
 The poetry of friendship makes us blest.
 To sigh at death is vain, indeed, my friend,
 Life, once begun, awaits its promis'd end ;
 Tho' tears suffuse the strongest, brightest eye,
 Yet yours, and mine, and both of us must die ;
 But if we struggle through this "mortal coil,"
 And do what good we can, for our dear native soil,—
 We may, despite what laureate minstrels sing,
 Approach the throne of God as near as priest or king.

STANZAS.

On seeing the fragment of a marble tablet, in the south of England, with the following inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of——": the rest was broken off.

Build, build again the cenotaphs,
 The monuments and tombs—
 Man's vainer records—still Time laughs,
 And his vast fame consumes :

The sculptor's marble and the poet's rhyme
Shrink from the finger-touch of Time.

Sound, sound again the trump of fame ;
Let man be flatter'd—let him raise,
Emblazoning but his empty name,
His mortal voice in his own praise :
Behold ! this marble fragment lies,
An emblem of his vanities.

ECCE HOMO.

O ! Jesus Christ ! thou of the cruel cross
And thorn-crown, holy God of Bethlehem !
Before thine image now erect I stand,
Yet not in pride, nor scorn, but humble love
Of thee, and that immortal principle
Of light and truth, which thou, sojourning here,
Did'st represent ; thou wast the child of truth,
And therefore was it written that the divine
And holy dove o'ershadow'd thy pure mother,
Thy human mother, yes, thy virgin mother,
All indicating with strong eloquence,
That thou wast the bright principle of truth
Personified in an incarnate form,
And an immortal mind, the Saviour of men.

The blood upon thy brow, the crown of thorns
Piercing thy temples, the wound the soldier gave,
Which the poor sceptic, Didymus, would not
Believe till he had thrust his fingers there,—

All are so many tokens unto me,
 That savage martyrdom is the sole guerdon
 Of faithful, holy love, in this dark world
 Of tyrants, and of callous-hearted slaves.
 I can believe that thou wast crucified,
 For even now the truth is suffering from
 The demon-power which nailed thee to a cross.
 Are there not those, revelling in high estate,
 Among the proud and mighty of this world,
 Who would crown Truth with thorns, and nail her
 to a cross?

PEACE AND TOLERATION.

Love and admire whate'er the muse admires,
 And you may glow with intellectual fires,
 Sacred to Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
 Taking the last as in the first degree ;
 Buoy up your soul with an eternal hope,
 Warm the cold heart of gloomy misanthrope ;
 Respect the creeds of every age and clime,
 And soften all with mercy in your time :
 All schools of politics demand my song ;
 I smile when they are right, nor frown when wrong ;
 But kindly tell them, with a loving heart,
 From all injurious prejudice to part,
 And sacrifice the selfishness they feel,
 On the high altar of the public weal ;
 And steadfast keep the glorious Christian faith,
 Whose spirit gives life, whose dull dead letter, death ;

And those who would break faith with law and crown,
 Boldly arrest, and calmly keep them down ;
 Then we may triumph in VICTORIA's day,
 And glory in her mild Augustan away.

ON SHELLEY.

———Genius never dies—it lives beyond
 Its owner in his monument of thought,
 More lasting than the broad-based pyramid.
 And wilt not thou be heard in after-time,
 Who pour'st the strength of mighty intellect
 In the full tide of sweet and solemn sound ?
 Yes, Shelley, yes—while genius is admired
 And Feeling loved—while freedom still retains
 Amid the waters of Corruption's flood,
 An Ararat whereon to rest her foot,—
 Thy spirit still will be revered on earth,
 And commune with the minds of unborn men. (9)

He died in his prime,
 In his green spring-time,
 E'er life's May-flowers were faded ;
 Ere youth's rainbow
 Had ceas'd to glow,
 By the weakness of age undegraded :
 Time will but consecrate his fame,
 Oblivion's self will spare his name.

Sweet flowerets bloom
 O'er his early tomb, (10)
 And spread their sweets around it ;
 No evil weeds
 There shed their seeds,

Young Flora's chain hath bound it ;
 Eternal fragrance smileth there,
 And throws its sweetness in the air.

The light of his fame
 Will blazon his name,—
 Enkindled by his pages ;
 His harp's bold note
 Will swell and float
 On the stream of endless ages :
 The strains of his bold harp will last
 Till earth, and time, and all have past.

SONG.

Farewell ye bacchanalian bowers,
 Where many waste their treasures,
 In wretched moments, gloomy hours,
 In ever-worthless pleasures ;
 In labours lost, in perils found,
 With Peace and Hope departed,
 Forsaking them in witchery bound,
 And almost broken-hearted.

O give to us untainted streams,
 True pilgrims ever cherish ;
 And let us bask in brighter beams,
 Nor in the darkness perish :
 Let purer pleasures circle all
 The noble sons of reason ;
 Life's sacred treasures we may call
 Around us in due season.

Our tables spread with cheerful bowls,
Not to intoxicate us ;

We wish all reasonable souls
To love and not to hate us :

No evil passions here have sway,
The best of friends to sever ;
The gloomy night is bright as day,
While we are here together.

No festival, in ancient time,
Of nobleman or squire,
Was merrier, with song and rhyme,
To each true heart's desire :
Old Bacchus' royal brutes may roar,
Silenus' ass join chorus ; (11)
They may have trod the Grecian shore,
But never shall reign o'er us.

See what the old world did for man,
With drinking and with fighting ;
Let us pursue a wiser plan,
Improving and delighting :
Leave guns and pikes to mould'ring rust,
Let evil bowls be broken ;
And every man be kind and just,
As the great Law hath spoken.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

I saw her in her freshest prime,
I saw her in her sweet spring-time ;
Her form was like the lily's stalk,
Her motion like a fairy's walk ;

The sweet field-flower beneath her tread,
 Still rear'd erect its golden head.
 Her eyes were bright as twinkling stars,
 Her brow was free from care's deep scars ;
 Her cheeks were fresher than the rose,
 That in some bower or garden grows ;
 Her heart was warm with passion's glow ;
 Her skin was white as mountain snow ;
 Her hair was like the raven's plume,
 Her breath was sweet as rich perfume,
 And sweeter than the evening breeze
 That fans the flowers and waves the trees,
 And sweetens calmest eventide,
 That far outvies the day's bright pride.
 The rose-leaf or the cygnet's vest,
 Is not so soft as her warm breast ;
 My weary head reposes there,
 And love's soft joy drowns every care.
 The bee will creep in the blue-bell,
 And hum awhile in fairy cell ;
 Then cease its song, and drain the flower,
 And fly away to hive or bower ;
 But I must lay upon the breast,
 And sleep in gentle love's sweet rest,
 And ne'er forsake the trusting maid,
 Whose heart to me is open laid.
 The woodbine twines its slender arms
 Around the rose-tree's blushing charms,
 And riots on the rose's breath,
 And ne'er withdraws its clasp till death

Strikes his rude blow ; then they decay ;
 The woodbine vanishes away ;
 The rose-tree fades, it pines alone,
 Alas ! it dies, and both are gone.
 The dead leaves fall upon the ground,
 With rustling, fainting, dying sound ;
 The stems and branches soon are broke,
 And disappear at fate's rude stroke,
 And form the wood-birds' curious nests,
 And shield the young ones' naked breasts ;
 Or, falling by the streamlet's side,
 Are wash'd away by the swift tide.
 Ah ! where is now the woodbine tree ?
 Ah ! where can the sweet roses be ?
 No trace of them can now be seen,
 All seem as they had never been.
 'Tis thus, in life, my blooming maid ;
 We shall decay as they decay'd ;
 My quickest pulse will cease to beat,
 My burning heart will cease to greet
 Its lovely guest, with thrilling clasp ;
 Strong death will crush me in his grasp ;
 My form will crumble into dust,
 And be no more, as all things must ;
 But until then, this heart of mine,
 Shall ne'er divide itself from thine.

AN INVITATION.

Let the world rage :

We will stay here, safe in the quiet dwellings.

It's an old custom. Men have ever built

Their own small world in the great world of all.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Come with me, come with me, friend,
And we will go to the woodland shade ;

For awhile, for awhile, lend

Me thine arm, we will haste down the glade,

O'er the green sward bedeck'd with flowers

Hanging with dew :

Dear, precious gems of the wild bowers

I'll show to you.

In this calm, in this calm eve,

This mild twilight, and this dim serene,

Blessed time, blessed time, leave

The gay town, for an old sylvan scene,

The wood-nymph's haunt of ancient days,

Eternal Jove

Created, with its winding ways,

For holy Love.

Leave the town, leave the town, come,
To the quiet, green woods we will bound ;

Like true friends, like true friends, roam

Where there's health, if not wealth, to be found ;

In happy fancy we may raise

An altar there,

Or sylvan temple, and breathe praise,

And whisper prayer..

We will talk, we will talk, then,
 Like wrapt enthusiasts of the muse,
 Full of dreams, full of dreams, when
 Fancy glows o'er the page we peruse ;
 And we will honour Shakspeare's name,
 Immortal Bard,
 The swan of Avon, dear to fame,
 We all regard.

Then return, then return home,
 To mine humble home, friend of my heart,
 To enjoy, to enjoy some
 Of the pure pleasures it may impart ;
 My dearest Pyrrha will prepare
 The simple meal,
 Which we in thankfulness may share,
 And happy feel.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Farewell, ye groves and vallies green,
 Where I have lonely wander'd,
 To speak unheard, to write unseen,
 How Britain's sons are plunder'd ;
 The linnet's note, the blackbird's voice,
 United both to charm me ;
 But all in vain ; could I rejoice
 When tyrants' frowns alarm me !

A Briton's born to care and toil,
 If humble be his station ;
 If highly born, he shares the spoil,
 Wrung from a suffering nation ;
 But I will leave this wretched land
 Where freedom is a stranger,
 And seek Columbia's peaceful strand,
 Or brave the direst danger.

Now farewell, friend, now farewell, foe,
 Now farewell, kindred ever dear ;
 If billows roar and tempests blow,
 Sweet freedom's sun my soul will cheer ;
 The beams from that bright orb will spread
 A gleam of pleasure o'er my mind ;
 A Briton's rights are cold and dead,
 A land of slaves I leave behind.

STANZES IRREGULIERS.

[Lamenting the departure of a friend from this country to
 America.]

“amid
 The busy, bustling crowds I meditate,
 And send my thoughts a thousand leagues away,
 Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.” H. K. WHITE.

God of my fathers ! could I leave for ever
 My native land, and turn my back
 Upon my friends—my kindred, too, and sever
 Every tie that binds the human heart

To its sweet birth place? No: I lack
 The vigour of those reckless minds
 That wander o'er the earth,
 Buoyant with wassail mirth,
 Heedless of the storms of waters and of winds—
 Heedless of the charm that doth impart
 To my weak spirit, hope and love,
 That binds me to my friends and all I most enjoy,
 And makes my heart in transport move,
 Imbuing it with feelings that can never cloy.

And yet, amid a host of friends
 And other gentle beings, all alike
 Kind unto me, my vagrant fancy wends
 O'er the Atlantic wave,
 And revels with the friend,
 The dear companion of my early years :
 Even as I write, his form doth strike
 Across my mind, and sighs and tears
 Despite of me, will force their way :
 May I not mourn that friendship finds a grave
 Amongst the purest, that the destined end
 Of life beseems, like life itself, without a ray
 Of hope or joy, a thing of gloom,
 Beginning in our birth, nor ending in the tomb.

It is a sad and lamentable thing
 To find hope's flowers all withering—
 To find a dearest and most cherish'd friend
 Turn from me :—ah! that friendship e'er should end!

Mine eyes are dim with thronging tears,
 My heart beats with tumultuous fears ;
 Alas ! that friendship e'er should end !
 I thought that, bound in its bland chain,
 Our youthful hearts were one, not twain,
 And nothing could them sever ;
 I thought that nought true friendship parts,
 And that you might divide the dreadful main,
 Sooner than linkèd hearts
 Could be divided ever. *

I was deceived : with heart all cold to me,
 He passed o'er the great ocean-wave,
 Without a tear—without a sigh—
 And I remain in gloom and misery,
 While tear on tear my pallid cheek doth lave.
 This flood of tears I cannot all assuage :
 Thou heartless dullard that look'st o'er this page,
 And smiles, yea, laughs at sensibility,
 And scorns the burning tears I shed
 O'er broken hopes—o'er friendship dead,
 Touch not my page with thy cold, selfish hand :
 Thou know'st not heart-felt amity—
 Thou know'st not what it is to mourn
 O'er friendship's melancholy urn :
 Begone ! lay down the book,
 Give me no more that worldling's look :
 Weep, weep, I fear I must,
 Until I turn to dust,
 Until life's fragile glass hath trickled down its sand.

EPIGRAM.

The kiss I stole, a wound hath left,
Which ever must remain
Unheal'd, till you forgive the theft,
And take the kiss again.

FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY.

Air—"Lochaber no more."

Farewell to the valley, my dear native home,
I ne'er shall forget thee, wherever I roam :
Sweet valley no more—sweet valley, no more,
Alas ! I shall see thee, sweet valley, no more.

The tear that adown from my sorrowing eye fell,
The sigh that burst forth from my breast could not tell.
All the grief that I felt in my heart's inmost core,
When I thought I should see thee, sweet valley, no more.

Dear home of my childhood ! my heart clings to thee ;
Companions of childhood ! bear memory of me :
Alas ! one is sleeping for aye with the dead,
And another beyond the vast ocean is sped :

A wandering spirit like me on the earth,
Far away from the sweet little place of his birth ;
He is gone where the winds and the wild waters roar,
And alas ! we shall see thee, sweet valley, no more.

But, should I return, at some far distant day,
 To age, but I hope not to sorrow, a prey ;
 If I'm rich, I will shower my bounty on thee ;
 If I'm poor, all I ask, is a smile upon me.

May I lay my old frame in its last place of rest,
 And my spirit pass away to the land of the blest ;
 Ah ! then, the world's scene will for ever be o'er,
 Ah ! then, I shall see thee, sweet valley, no more.

THE BAND OF BROTHERS.

The ancient Greeks, o'er blood-red wine,
 Oft sang Anacreon's songs divine ;
 And many noble Romans bold
 Threw pearls into their cups of gold :
 But we the blood-red wine cast hence,
 And prize the pearls of Temperance :

And when they were at peace or war,
 They would drink down the evening star ; (12)
 And all the hours of gloomy night
 Carouse until the morning-light :
 But, let us rest the darken'd hours,
 In sleep restore weak nature's powers.

The Saxons, o'er the wassail-bowl,
 Let savage mirth reign o'er the soul ;
 And oftentimes the fatal sword
 Would stain with blood the festive board :
 But, we the wassail-bowl despise,
 The fatal sword neglected lies.

Then chief 'gainst chief, to arms would spring,
 Amid the maddest wassailing ;
 In darkness cast ; with passions wild ;
 Their own life's blood, the bowl defil'd :
 But, we can feast in love and peace,
 And pray, that wars may ever cease.

Let us adopt a wiser plan,
 To elevate the soul of man'
 To cherish love within his heart,
 And act a manlier, nobler part ;
 With a determin'd will resign
 The fickle joys inspir'd by wine.

Then, free from strife's inglorious scar,
 Rise sober with the morning star,
 Pursue the labours of the day,
 In health and peace drive care away :
 Sobriety and labour sweet
 Bring health and peace of mind complete.

Come, sober, generous, loving friends,
 The sun of Temperance ascends ;
 With blessed beams for all mankind,
 For home and happiness design'd :
 Come all unhappy wand'ers, come ;
 Seek comfort in a quiet home.

Come, man and woman, all our race,
 Whate'er the clime, the hue, the place ;
 Or rich, or poor, or homeless, come ;
 And join our cause : come, home, come, home :
 We welcome all, with open hand,
 To join the glorious Temperance Band.

The Band of Brothers, o'er the world,
 For whom joy's flag is now unfurl'd ;
 The tyrant shall descend *his* throne,
 The franchis'd slave enjoy his own :
 We welcome all with manly hand,
 To join the glorious Temperance Band :

To walk his native soil as free
 As breath of Heaven, or wave of sea ;
 Link'd in this universal plan,
 Man will deserve the name of MAN :
 Then, welcome all with heart and hand,
 To join the glorious Temperance Band.

SIMPLE MINSTRELSY.

A simple song, perchance, may tell
 A simple, humble truth ;
 To break the foul inebriate's spell,
 The spell of age and youth :
 For, in this mis-directed sphere,
 Amid the dull and cold,
 The cup of Circe is placed near
 The lips of young and old.

I may not tell of war's dread field,
 Nor dreams of old romance ;
 But I may yet good counsel yield,
 And virtue's cause advance :

Thousands, aye, millions, seek the goal,
 Of misery and care ;
 And from the foul inebriate's bowl
 Quaff waters of despair.

Attend, each youth ; attend, each sire,
 To counsel wise and pure ;
 Touch not the alcoholic fire,
 Make 'surance doubly sure :
 With all your fervent heart abhor,
 And loathe with all your mind,
 The witch-drink, made for strife, or war,
 And ne'er for peace design'd.

Surely, the spirit of evil found
 This fatal drink for man,
 Dispers'd it to accurse the ground,
 And thwart vast nature's plan :
 Deceiving men with wierd drink,
 That charms the sense away ;
 In poverty and woe they sink,
 And shame the light of day.

Not Athens, in her heathen pride
 Was half so mad as we ;
 Though Bacchus there was deified ;
 Yet ancient books agree,
 That Apaturian Feasts were given (13)
 To Bacchus, god divine ;
 And warning voices breath'd from Heaven,
 To man, deceived by wine.

The Theban king a law proclaim'd
 Against this furious strife—
 A wholesome edict, wisely fram'd,
 Cost him his mortal life ;
 The madmen dragg'd him from his throne ;
 With human blood imbrued
 Their cruel hands, that fiends would own,
 In their demoniac mood.

The Roman Coliseum's name,
 Embalm'd in history's page.
 Denoteth, now, a place of shame,
 Disgraceful to the age ;
 Ye, magistrates, and men of might !
 Ye, merchants of renown !
 Why slumbers the true legal right,
 To promptly put it down ?

O cast the witch-bane to the deep—
 An antidote is found :
 Your house and home in order keep,
 The goodly twelve months round :
 Then, you will find your simple plan,
 Ne'er maketh you a slave,
 Neglecting the pure rights of man,
 To seek a coward's grave.

SONG.

"Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me,
To fly home like a laden bee,
Unto that hive of beams,
And garland streams." HERBERT.

"I got me flowers to strew thy way,
I got me boughs from many a tree ;
But thou wert up by break of day,
And brought thy sweets along with thee."

I got me violets from the green,
I got me green boughs from the tree,
But thou with thy blue eyes wast seen
Bringing sweet things along with thee.

I got me blossoms from the thorn,
And downy buds from willow-tree,
But blossoms on thy cheeks were borne,
That nature gave to garland thee.

At last to tell thee of my heart,
A rose and thorn I brought to thee,
And thou did'st take the thorn apart,
And kiss'd love's flower for thee and me.

And now with sweet flowers from the green,
And vernal branches from the tree,
We in a sylvan bower are seen,
I blest with thee, and thou with me.

And tho' our sweet flowers from the green,
 And vernal branches from the tree,
 Will wither and no more be seen,
 Our love will bloom eternally.

ELEGY.

I saw upon the parent-stem,
 A rose-bud young and fresh, and fair ;
 It was a smiling, lovely gem
 As sweet as Hybla's honied air ;
 But now, 'tis wither'd, dead and gone
 Unto the tomb, all dark and lone.

The mother-rose upon me smil'd,
 As I inhal'd the fragrant breath
 Of her delightful, hopeful child,
 Which now lies in the bed of death ;
 That was an hour of joy to me—
 This is an hour of misery.

It vanish'd with its mother-rose ;
 Athwart old Albion's isle 'twas borne :—
 I dreaded that its fatal foes
 Might crush it, and leave sore forlorn
 The parent-rose that loved it so—
 A child-reft mother sunk in woe.

Some time it liv'd, a child of hope ;
 At last a potent, reckless hand
 Engrasp'd it ; 'twas too weak to cope
 With cruel death's severe command ;
 It fell into the grave's recess—
 It wither'd into nothingness.

The mother-rose then droop'd and wept,
 A Niobe of tears and grief ;
 And withering sorrows 'round her crept,
 Transforming every blooming leaf
 Into a big and piteous tear,
 Which fell upon her dead child's bier.

And then was heard a poignant moan,
 A loud, and deep, and dreadful sound
 Of grief, as awful as death's groan,
 In ancient Albion's sea-girt ground ;
 And many a heart did throb, and rave,
 And bleed o'er it's untimely grave.

Loud, deep and hollow, from his cell,
 A captive's pitying voice did come,
 Whose wailing accents long did swell
 Above the young flower's early tomb :
 Alas ! it was his own fair child,
 Which faded from earth's dreary wild.

That child which sprung to life and light
 Within his cell, and was a part
 Of him, and grew within his sight

Awile, and clung around his heart :
 The gaol-born pledge of mutual love,
 Whose heart hath ever ceas'd to move.

But power crushes hearts and minds,
 And grasps the nerves, and wrings, and tares,
 And flings them to the bleak cold winds,
 And, Nero-like, drowns guilt's keen cares,
 And laughs at human pain, nor deigns
 To sigh, 'mid blood, and death, and chains.

The father gave his child a name,
 That shines on the historic page,
 A pure and philosophic flame,
 A lovely charm in every age; (14)
 He hoped this bud of promise might
 Shine through all time, like that pure light.

Alas! it wither'd : what remains
 Of its pure loveliness, endears
 It to the memory, and the pains
 Of grief produce their bitter tears ;
 Its spell-like name must ever dwell,
 And treasur'd be, in memory's cell.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

Ah! this vast earth
 Contains for me no pleasure ;
 I hate all mirth,
 And this world's worthless pride, and boasted treasure ;
 The live-long day I pine, grieving without measure.

Ah! I was born
 In poverty and sadness ;
 I'm still forlorn ;
 Twenty long years have brought to me no gladness :
 And this vile world is goading me to madness.

Life is my bane :
 Oh! that I could but borrow,
 To end this pain,
 An antidote from death to-day, to-morrow
 I should calmly sleep, for ever freed from sorrow.

But have I not
 A hope for Liberty ?
 Is all forgot
 In melancholy's Lethe ?—Can it be,
 That this great spirit hath no charms for me ?

No! by the God
 Of Truth, I'd give my breath,
 That the strong rod
 Of tyranny might break, and freedom's wreath
 Adorn my brow in liberty or death !

LOVE GIFTS.

I gave you once a sweet nosegay
Of flowers from the green lap of May ;
There was a lovely violet,
A daisy, and a primrose, wet
With silver dewdrops, and there were
Some other flowers as sweet and fair ;
But 'mongst them all I could not see
A single flower as fair as thee.

You gave me from the lap of June
A wreath of flowers, love's fairy boon ;
There was a rose with crimson glow,
There was a lily white as snow,
And many other gentle flowers,
The choicest of the emerald bowers ;
But 'mongst them all I could not see
A single flower as sweet as thee.

The flowers from the green lap of May,
Did hasten to a swift decay :
Those from the sunny lap of June,
Withered to nothing full as soon :
Yet, gentle maid, though they are dead,
Our fond love hath not perished,
And let us hope it will not fade
Till we like them in dust are laid.

SONNET.

O Sacred Truth ! man's hopes upon thee rest !
 Whatever column tumble from its base—
 Whatever temple, to the earth be rais'd—
 Whatever record, Time's rude hand deface,
 Or render undecypherable, prais'd
 Be him who cherisheth, within his breast,
 A relic of thine altar, pure and bright,
 A scintillation of thy sacred light :
 Ere death approacheth, it will gather strength,
 Increase in heavenly glory, and, at length
 Beam, with its hues of hopes, like rain-bow dyes,
 And guide the spirit to its native skies :
 Break from thy prison-gloom, my yearning spirit,
 A never-ending sabbath to inherit.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

" Sweet child of stillness, midst the awful calm
 Of pausing nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell
 In happy silence, to enjoy thy balm,
 And shed through life a lustre round thy cell."

DR. WOLCOTT.

Beneath night's ebon shroud,
 Down on the dewy mead,
 Under the gloomy cloud
 Thou tak'st thy humble bed ;
 Strange insect, feasting the astonish'd sight
 With bright beams like a pure and heavenly gem of light.

The sun is downward far
 Into the happy west ;
 But there's a brilliant star
 To light me to my rest ;
 Yet, not a brighter in the vaulted skies
 Appears to me than thou, to glad my wond'ring eyes.

Had I a hand divine,
 Thou should'st no longer be
 A light serene to shine,
 Here in obscurity,
 Nor dwell a moment more on earth's dull face :
 I'd fix thee in the skies, in the lost pleiad's place.

Sweet glow-worm ! thou art ever
 A mystery to man ;
 The human ken can never
 Penetrate the plan
 Of awful Nature, before whom I bow,
 And question what with all our knowledge, we yet know ?

With our immortal mind,
 Enchain'd within our clay,
 What clue can we e'er find
 To the Eternal's sway ?
 It is a mystery sublime : e'en thou, alone,
 Declar'st the sacred power unfathom'd and unknown.

But, in my dreams of night,
 And fancies of the day,
 May I not think thy light
 Sheds its serenest ray
 In this mild solitude, from thy moist cell,
 Like the pure light of love, in the heart's mystic well ?

And like the light of truth,
 The bright gem of the mind ;
 Which shone above my youth,
 Imparting the refined
 Philosophy of the poetic page,
 And never shall forsake me in declining age :

And virtue, man's sure friend,—
 Profan'd in our hard sway
 O'er woman, when in the end,
 We ruin and betray,—
 Thou art an emblem of, when some rude wight
 Doth crush thee 'neath his feet, regardless of thy light :

And wisdom, that should shine
 O'er all, and like the sun,
 Blaze with a light divine,
 In full meridian,
 Yet, forc'd by power to keep its banner furl'd,
 Still shines in shade, like thee, neglected by the world.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

“I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him,
 father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and
 am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

'Tis written in the holy word,
 A certain man had children twain :
 He gave them all he could afford—
 One brought him joy, the other pain :
 The elder stayed with him at home,
 The younger far away would roam.

The prodigal spent all his store,
 Sojourning in a distant land ;
 A famine spread the country o'er,
 Afflicting all at God's command :
 The prodigal did soon repine,
 And in the fields he fed the swine.

Then came the withering of the heart,
 The sickening sorrow of the soul,
 That he should from his father part,
 To drink the dregs of misery's bowl :
 He craved his father's servants' fare,
 Their labour and their meals to share.

He cried in agony of mind,
 " I will arise—I will arise,
 And seek that father good and kind,
 Perchance, he may not me despise :
 I am not fit to be his son,
 May Heaven's dread will be ever done."

He came : the father's heart doth spring
 With love, and leaning on his staff,
 He cried : " Deck him with robe and ring,
 Come, come, and kill the fatted calf :
 Come, let's be merry all around :
 My long-lost son again is found."

The elder son complained awhile
 Of feasting for a prodigal ;
 The father checked him with a smile
 And gave to him his heart—his all :
 The father's spirit doth quick revive—
 " He that was dead is found alive."

THE PREACHER AND THE CHILD.

Once a sweet little girl,
 About eight years of age,
 Who, with eyes bright as pearl,
 Read the Christian's page,—
 Was ask'd by a preacher,
 A kind Christian teacher,
 If she had not seen,
 Pass her own village green,
 A fair, gentle lady, of venerable mien ;
 Who lives in the hall,
 Where the poplars tall,
 And the willows' cool shade,
 And the hawthorns and elms a sweet bower have made.

"Oh! yes," she replied, "for she gave me a kiss,
 And she told me of God, and of heavenly bliss :
 The fair, gentle lady, I have often seen."

The preacher, who visited the old village green,
 Then lovingly tried,—
 As the tender child replied
 So aptly, and sweetly,—a few questions more,
 For the sake of the Truth, and the God we adore.

"Come, my dear little girl, pray, what is a kiss?"
 "It means, *love*, does it not?" Then, the preacher said, "yes;"
 And, to puzzle her more, peradventure to teach,
 As we know to what depths a good question may reach,

He presently asked, "What is love?—can you tell?"
 When the little girl smiled, and replied, "very well;"
 And she curtsied, and spoke: "'Tis a virtue, that's given:"
 "A virtue—what's virtue?" "The sweet gift of Heaven."

The preacher then paused, and perceived in all this,
 That the lady had given something more than a kiss;
 She had taught her the gospel, and given her the book;
 And he thanked God that day, that his journey had been,
 By homesteads, and farm-yards, and babbling brook,
 Through the old winding lanes, to the dear village green.

He said, "Thou hast found,—in this dark world of ours,
 And already hast gather'd,—two beautiful flowers,
 Yet, still, there's another, O, yes, there's a *third*,"
 And he took from his vesture the book of the Word;
 "The *love*, and the *virtue*, in heavenly grace,
 Are budding to bloom on thine innocent face,
 And to keep both supreme, above malice, or libel,
 I give thee *truth's* flower, embalm'd in the Bible."

EPITAPH.

A warmer hand—a kinder heart—
 More genial spirit God ne'er gave:
 On earth his was the generous part,
 And countless tears bedew his grave.

TEMPERANCE AND EDUCATION.

A POETICAL ADDRESS. (15)

My humble lyre, devoted to the cause
 Of frail humanity, now simply breathes
 A fond and loving welcome to ye all—
 Gentle and simple, learned and unlearned—
 Ye, with the gift of tongues, and ye without
 Aught but your natural sagacity,
 Yet, rich in health, and many of life's blessings,
 Endow'd with the bounties of a sober mind.

Here on this chosen ground—beneath the roof
 Of this pure temple, dedicate to Peace,
 (And the salvation of our erring race)
 Before whose altars, modestly attired,
 Two sisters stand, twins of their ancient mother,
 Eternal Love—the all-pervading spirit—
 That crowns us with the choicest of all blessings,
 And wooeth each one present to mark well
 The plighted troth, inseparably link'd
 From age to age, through aye-enduring time,—
 That man's important mission be fulfill'd,
 And these two sacred sisters find a home,
 And altar, in each poor man's cottage :
 Their names are TEMPERANCE and EDUCATION.

For these pure Sisters, amiable twins,
 This goodly structure rears its hallow'd head ;
 And we may all, with sweet accord resound
 Loud acclamations, in the praise of those
 Whose names might grace some famous poet's song :
 Such persevering love for human good—
 That boasts of little, and yet, doeth much—
 With quiet modesty, and genial smiles—
 And yearns to cultivate our mental fields,
 And all the pure affections of our hearts,
 Too long lain fallow, 'neath the blessed sun,
 From gross neglect, and foul intemperance ;
 Such moral, mental, aye, religious triumphs,
 Surely may claim a higher guerdon than
 A conqueror's laurels crimson'd with man's blood.

As on a shrine, glowing with lustrous piety,
 All worthy labours, and all pious gifts—
 The merchant's largess, and the poet's dole—
 The prelate's bounty, and the widow's mite,
 Graciously given, gratefully accepted—
 Now gathered here together in this Hall,
 May help to smoothe the thorny paths of life ;
 Make the rough places plain, and ope the gate,
 The narrow gate of immortality.

The muse commends with happy satisfaction ;
 And humbly views, each in appropriate place,
 Two glorious ancients, of the sea-girt isle,
 Whose venerable visages look down,

(As if e'en marble could not be all cold)
 And seem to gaze upon this cheerful scene,
 That crowns the eve of the forth-coming year.
 Wickliffe ! and Shakspeare ! venerable men ! (16)
 Wickliffe, the old—the good—the great—the first
 Translator of the word—the Book of Life !
 May no rude hand deface a lineament,
 Nor mar one feature of that countenance,
 That shews the love of one for all mankind—
 Whose life devoted to immortal goodness,
 Caught the true spirit of the sacred text,
 And cloth'd it with our simple household words ;
 Our English words, for English hearts and homes.
 Here is the first book, and the last for man,—
 Old Hebrew Prophets, poets of the soul !
 Profoundest searchers of the faculty
 Divine and wonderful, of living man :
 Supremely gifted—eminently good !
 Fraught with the secrets of the impenetrable
 And all-dreaded grave, the birth-place strange
 Of a more certain and a better world !
 Each word—each verse—each chapter is a lesson,
 Above the critic's, or the casuist's art.
 Sweet spring of love eternal ! From thy depths,
 Sacred, and pure, and lucid to the brim ;
 Imag'd to every inmost eye, who sees
 And fondly dwells beside thy hallow'd fount,
 On bended knees imbibing limpid sweets,
 As I have knelt by many a woodland well,
 Feasting awhile at simple banquet there.

Give me the sacred draught ! my soul athirst,
 Would drink the waters from the rock of Horeb,
 That gush'd forth streams at the great prophet's stroke.

Waters of life and love ! on ye we sink,
 Or on ye swim, and bound with heavenward gales,
 To find at last a port, a haven of rest,
 Where our world-wearied souls may be revived
 In spiritual vitality, and meet
 The innocent loved-ones, we had vainly thought
 Were wreck'd for ever, in the early time
 Of life's tempestuous voyage, and sunk down
 Into unfathomable depths, where mortal hands
 Could never reach, with all their strength and cunning,
 With all their grappling hooks and plummet lines.
 O mystery of mysteries profound !
 Magnificent creation ! deathless spark
 Of immortality—the human soul !
 Great microcosm of the Mind Divine
 That governs mildly, for the general good,
 Or, if in seeming sad severity,
 For some wise purposes, to us unknown—
 Lord of all this, and of all other worlds.

Shakspeare, well placed beside his learned brother,
 In fit companionship, in the great work
 Of temperance and education—hail !
 Wise and enduring Shakspeare, who hath taught

That each inebriate's cup is aye unblest'd,
 And each ingredient is a devil. Take note,
 Ye creatures multitudinous that walk
 Erect, and bear a noble, god-like image ;
 Ye, of all climes, all colors, all opinions,
 Keep hot rebellious liquors from your blood,
 In early youth, and in advancing years,
 So that your age may be "like lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly." Such is the true lesson
 Shakspeare's wise Adam gives to his young master,
 In love and memory of old Sir Rowland.

I may not harmonize my humble song
 With many names ; but, as the living voice
 Of all now present, thank assisting friends,
 And greet them with one burst of gratitude ;
 Whether from Stratford, Shakspeare's famous town,
 Or from the towns beyond the Yorkshire hills,
 Or in our own Mancunium's town of trade,
 Where Commerce smiles through clouds of dingy smoke,
 Where engines and machines with iron arms
 And breath of fire, perform more wonders than
 The giant-fool, who threw a hundred rocks
 At Jupiter, for which temerity,
 Bound in a hundred chains, 'neath Etna's mount,
 He often vomits forth his fiery flames.
 Give me the poet's harp—and soul of fire,
 Enkindled by the love of our own kind,
 Enkindled by the love of the great bard—
 Who hath endow'd e'en millions with life :

For, not to know, nor to appreciate
 Genius and art, and virtue link'd with knowledge,
 Is mental death, far worse than death itself :
 Without this love, man leads an animal,
 A wild, or creeping life of worthless action,
 Or walks about, a body without soul.
 O let not this be our dull lot on earth ;
 But, like Prometheus, let us draw our fire
 From Heaven, and make it glow or smile, and cast
 The beams of love and mercy on the world.
 Let every goodly, every precious gift,
 The fruit of human genius, or of art,
 And the sweet blessings of benevolence,
 Be heir-looms, or invaluable dowries,
 In perpetuity, within this hall,
 With those who may preserve them worthily
 Unto the good time coming of this world,
 The time of peace and gladness, when mankind,
 Aye, all the varied human race shall know,
 And all the sons of primal Adam feel,
 That heavenly dispensations and God's gifts,
 Were not intended to make man unhappy,
 Nor this vast world, a vale of constant tears.

To what high objects may we not erect
 Our Colleges and Schools, and dedicate
 Them all to something more than schoolmen's dreams ?
 For, after you have studied every page
 Of folio, quarto, or papyrean scroll,
 Wrapt in Platonic or Utopian worlds,
 You must return to pure good sense at last,

And bring your knowledge to man's heart and home ;
 To strengthen him in all his weaknesses—
 To clear his mind from gloomy prejudice,—
 To cleanse his body from the world's corruptions—
 To brace each nerve, and every muscle make
 Elastic, strong and firm, fit for the work,
 The hard, increasing struggle of man's life ;
 And if ye do not, learning is ignorance ;
 Your colleges and academic bowers,
 Or on the banks of Cam, or Isis, fam'd,
 Or your more recent school, upon the banks
 Of the meand'ring and silvery Thames—
 A noble stream, beloved of many a muse—
 All have been built in vain : the handiworks
 Benevolence hath plann'd, and industry
 With willing heart perform'd, will be but vain
 Castles of indolence and luxury,
 Abortive buildings, with high sounding names.

Those of our fellow-creatures, lost in vice,
 Unpurged by Temperance and Education,
 May claim, aye, tacitly demand our love :—
 Let us join hands in the good work, to save
 From low ambition, and from wicked will,
 From error, from neglect, from ignorance,
 From sinking weakly under each temptation,
 And all the cunning lures laid to ensnare.

O spirit fallen ! O evil light of death !
 Ambition's sons are ever in thy train ;
 As if bewitch'd by lurid, baleful fires.

Kings, who love war more than their subject's good—
 Conquerors, or Macedonian, or Roman
 Soldiers, with arms gigantic, wide, out-spread,
 Encompassing the earth, whose limpid waters
 Mingle with all the crimson vital floods,
 Let loose from human veins in horrid fight ;
 Dying in savage glory on the fields
 Of ruthless carnage, and unholy war :
 These, these are all thy myrmidons on earth.
 Surely, 'tis time for man to take a lesson
 From the poor lamb, and think of innocence—
 From the meek, gentle dove, and think of peace.

O let the blood-stain'd eagle's beak and wing
 Soar with bold front against the noon-day sun,
 And forest-tiger spring forth from his lair,
 On scientific traveller far from home—
 It is their nature, and they know no more—
 But let not man lay hands of violence
 On fellow-man, except in human love,
 To help his weakness, or sustain his strength :
 This I have learn'd from my derided creed ;
 And o'er the Bacchanal's enchanted cup—
 In thrilling ecstasy, or wildest frenzy :
 And in the ranks of death, on war-scath'd fields,
 Mid blighted crops of herbage and of corn,
 Mocking God's providence, the ardent bard
 May never sing again : yet in the bowers
 Of peaceful temperance may tune his harp,
 And pour his lay of tenderness for ever ;

The martial song, and Bacchanalian ode,
 We leave unto the death they celebrate ;
 And take two lovely Sisters, hand in hand,
 Inseparable companions in life's journey ;
 And in our halls, and schools, and cottage homes,
 Cherish the names of TEMPERANCE and EDUCATION.

THE SWAN.

The swan, although possessed of the power to rule, yet molests none of the other water-birds, and is singularly social and attentive to those of his own family, which he protects from every insult.

BEWICK'S "BRITISH BIRDS."

I sat upon the mountain's brow,
 And all was calmness there ;
 I look'd upon the lake below,
 And that was passing fair ;
 A lovely snow-white swan did swim
 Beside the calm lake's sandy brim,
 With bold, majestic air ;
 How I admir'd the noble swan,
 And not that abject creature, man.

I mus'd awhile on human ills,
 And all their hapless train ;
 How man his fellow-man oft kills,
 Whose blood his hand doth stain ;

I thought of wealth, power, tyranny,
 Of millions sunk in slavery,
 Enduring poignant pain ;
 Then I admir'd the noble swan,
 And not that wretched creature, man.

I could not view with common eye,
 The swan upon the lake ;
 But, fairy Fancy would descry
 Its lovely form, and make
 It larger to the mental sight ;
 She kiss'd its breast, all silver-white,
 As if she'd ne'er forsake,
 But always cling around, the swan,
 That made me blush for abject man.

I said, " Sweet lovely, snow-white bird,
 How beautiful thou art !
 Few of the common human herd,
 Can such delight impart :
 Thou giv'st me sweetest pleasure,
 Dearer than richest treasure ;
 But man doth grieve my heart :
 I'd rather be like thee, sweet swan,
 Than be the abject child of man.

" Thy white breast never bore a stain
 From thy dear young ones' blood ;
 Thou wouldst not give the slightest pain
 To thy soft, gentle brood :

But human parents have been found,
Who gave their offspring a death-wound.

In passion's maddening mood :
I'd rather be thy cygnet, swan,
Than be the wretched child of man.

" From the cradle to the grave he crawls,
A blind and wretched worm,
And ignorance his mind enthralls
And manacles his form
To dust and ashes ; and he dies,
O'erwhelm'd with racking miseries :
Thou wilt not die mid storm
Of passion, like despairing man,
But, die in music, lovely swan.

" I sit upon the mountain heath,
And ponder on *the things*
Which are and must be, while beneath
My feet a streamlet springs,
Whose waters gently speed away,
Adown the mountain, clear as day,
Bright, as the swan's white wings ;
They soon may kiss the silver swan,
That I would rather greet than man.

" Alone am I, once more alone,
Upon the mountain's brow ;
I am not, never can be one
Of those, who drown their woe

In noisy mirth and boisterous glee ;
 In solitude my moments flee,
 As calm as streamlets flow :
 I would be gentle as the swan—
 I mourn the savageness of man.

“ My words come from my heart sincere
 As is the pilgrim's prayer ;
 This mountain is my shrine ; and here,
 Amid the mountain air,
 I raise my off'ring up to thee,
 Sweet swan, whose calm felicity
 Was never broke by care ;
 Millions adore things meaner than
 Thy silver form, enchanting swan.

The lake, the swan, the mountain's brow,
 The clouds around the sky,
 The setting sun's all-beauteous glow,
 The Hesper-star on high,
 And all the vast eternal world,
 Sweet as the flag of peace unfurl'd,
 Looking serenity,—
 All, all are lovelier, better than
 That mad and savage creature, man.”

I bade the mountain's brow, the lake,
 The swan, and all farewell ;
 And journey'd home o'er brier and brake,
 Through many a winding dell ;

I did not trample on the flowers,
That blush'd and wept through eve's soft
hours ;

My slow feet never fell
Upon their heads, more lovely than
That rude, ungente being, man.

My home I gain'd, and took a seat
The cheerful hearth beside ;
A simple, humble meal to eat
With thankfulness and pride ;
And when I sank down on my bed,
To rest my weary, youthful head,
My fancy still descried
The silver image of the swan,
Which made me mourn for wretched man.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

And to end at once my sorrow,
A treasure digging I did go.—*Goethe.*

I was poor and full of sorrow,
But I did not court despair ;
Heart bespoke a better morrow
Than that day of gloom and care.

Wrapt in visions, quite bewild'ring,
Glowing fancies cheer'd my heart ;
“Come,” said I, to wife and children,
“Hope from me shall ne'er depart.

"I will go and seek for treasure,
 Other labour I have none ;
 Trade is bound by rule and measure,
 Tyrants reign beneath the sun."

When the better morn was beaming,
 Sol smil'd on my native glade :
 Visions, hence ! give me no dreaming—
 Seek I where the treasure's laid.

Over heath and moor I ramble,
 Over rock and through the dell,
 Over bush of brier and bramble,
 Stopping at the crystal well.

Man was never made for slaughter,
Never to be bought or sold :
 This drank I in limpid water,
 Hasten'd then to search for gold.

Fertile plains appear'd around me,
 Rife with blades of yellow corn ;
 Golden gifts, which God had found me,
 Shower'd from Plenty's bounteous horn.

Yellow corn-fields ! blessed treasure !
 And the sower, he would reap :
 Came a lord of power and pleasure,
 When there was a glorious heap.

CORN-LAW PATRICIAN.

“ Hence ! ye reapers and ye sowers,
 I must have my tax and tithe ;
 Hence ! ye gatherers and mowers,
 Pay, or I will stay each scythe.”

PLEBEIAN REAPER.

“ Thou art one of gloomy terror,
 Spirit bold in earthly might ;
 Friend of slavery and error,
 Enemy of good and right.

“ Elements of nature ! listen—
 Lend your aid to me once more :”
 Quickly did the light’ning glisten,
 Loudly did the thunder roar.

Spoke a spirit mild and pleasant,
 Every thing around was still :
 “ Shed not blood for prince nor peasant,—
 Thwart not thou the Sovereign Will :

“ Let your laws remember mercy,
 Or His wrath falls on your head ;
 Feed the poor, or He may curse ye—
 Give to man his daily bread.

“ He must earn it by his labour,
 And exchange his handiwork ;
 He’s dependent on his neighbour,
 Be he Christian, be he Turk.

“ Nations aye reciprocating,
 Hearts and minds in amity ;
 There are wares and draperies waiting
 For the corn beyond the sea.

“ Let the lesson I have given,
 Grave its moral on your heart ;
 Bread is the free-gift of heaven ;
 Corn-law tyrant, you depart.”

Then the treasure I was seeking,
 There the treasure I had found,
 In the glorious light that's breaking
 Upon freedom's holy ground.

DIRGE.

I sit me down lamenting
 Upon a bank of moss ;
 My weary heart relenting
 For my true lover's loss :
 He, whom I fondly cherish'd,
 From death I could not save ;
 Alas ! he now hath perish'd,
 He sleeps in the cold grave.

The ice that gilds the fountain
 In gloomy wintry time ;
 The snow that decks the mountain,
 Within this northern clime,

Is not more cold than his young heart,
 Now life's warm spark hath fled ;
 But we shall be not long apart—
 We meet when I am dead.

He was the dearest, kindest love,
 His face beam'd like the morn ;
 His spirit now is gone above,
 Alas ! from me he's torn :
 The daisy on the green lea,
 Was not so bright as he ;
 The honey of the queen-bee
 Was not so sweet to me.

A wreath of weeping flowers
 Hangs pendant o'er his grave ;
 The dryads of the bowers,
 The naiads of the wave,
 Are group'd around in pity,
 Bedewing it with tears ;
 They hear my mournful ditty,
 They share my hopes and fears.

The straying lamb is bleating,
 Far from the shepherd's fold ;
 It's mother ewe entreating,
 It shivers with the cold.
 O ! may thy shepherd kindly,
 Soon take thee to his home ;
 And may'st thou never blindly
 From thy warm fold more roam.

The gossamer is playing
 Upon the evening air ;
 The silver brook is straying
 Unheeding my despair :
 Mine eye will never brighten,
 'Tis dim and sunk with woe ;
 My heart will never lighten,
 Still heavier it will grow.

My death-dirge I am singing,
 My end is drawing near ;
 Death his strong shaft is flinging,
 Prepare my sable bier :
 My pangs are now abating,
 Soon cold my clay will be :
 My true love is awaiting ;—
 Sweet love ! I come to thee.

CLAYTON HALL.

(WRITTEN SOME YEARS AGO.)

The bell doth call in Clayton Hall,
 The labourer from his bed ;
 The day hath dawn'd, blithe hodge hath yawn'd,
 And from his cot hath sped ;
 With pick and spade on shoulder laid,
 With rural smock-frock grey,
 With hardy face and homely grace,
 To work he hies away.

Hath sentinel of old Cromwell
 E'er watch'd thine ancient hall ?
 Thine olden bower hath seen the hour
 Of Royal Charles's fall :
 O'er thy threshold hath warrior bold
 E'er pass'd with manly tread ?
 Have drums e'er beat around thy seat,
 Or martial banners spread ?

Let fancy float around thy moat,
 Which since his day hath been :
 Thy looks are grey, to time a prey,
 A melancholy scene ;
 Thy ruin'd tower, thy lonely bower,
 To thinking minds recall
 The civil wars, rebellion's jars,
 O ! venerable Hall !

Those days are gone, but their dread tone
 Reviveth at my call,
 And doth mingle in the dingle,
 That blooms around thy Hall,
 With the loud songs of feather'd throngs,
 Whose varied wonders fall
 In all their powers, o'er my lone hours,
 O ! ancient Clayton Hall !

With joyful grace, may I retrace
 The merchant prince, whose name, (17)

And pious, charitable face,
 Are dedicate to fame :
 While there is either book or stone
 To tell that he hath been,
 His venerable name alone
 Shall consecrate the scene.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM:

OR,

DELIRIUM CUM TREMORE.

The lamentable story must begin :
 My gifted friend was dying at an inn ;
 Refreshment he'd declin'd for many days,
 He was in trouble, too, in various ways ;
 And there he lay, at last, but not unknown,
 To wrestle with his enemy, alone.
 He had been drinking poison, I should think,
 For surely e'en such pleasant-flavour'd drink,
 As spirits cordialized must have some evil :
 Perchance, ingredients mix'd by human devil.
 " Pray, will you see him ? " said the worthy host :
 " I think your friend is likely to be lost—
 He has not with him even vulgar pence ;
 But as to that I shall not send him hence."
 I said, at first, that I would rather not,
 And yet felt rivetted unto the spot :
 I thought I might as well awhile remain,
 My mind, like to the patient's, felt the pain.

Into the chamber of the sick we go,
 The chamber-maid and I: a scene of woe—
 No wife and children to console or save—
 The chamber of the dead, awaiting for the grave,
 It soon appear'd to many a mourner there,
 Who, for the vanish'd spirit offer'd prayer.

“What do you think of him?” the maid
 enquir'd :

I candidly replied as she desired,
 And as I really thought my friend would die,
 Reader, excuse me, if I could not lie.
 “Delirium tremens !” “So, the doctor said,
 Who came last night when he was put to bed.”
 Delirium tremens ! view it in his eyes,
 The mind as prostrate as the body lies.
 Ah ! let me see if he but know my name ;
 The question whisper'd—countenance the same—
 No change—the eye-lids quiver, and the lamps
 within

Burn, as if in the fire of death and sin.
 He now articulates my Hebrew name—
 Looks wildly round the room, and the strange flame
 Within his awful eyes, more fiercely burns,
 While not a glimpse of reason's spark returns.

Dreadful disease ! our friend is nearly spent,
 Still his sensations constantly torment ;
 To him the mountains tremble—farewell rest—
 The clouds descending, fall upon his breast—
 The vast rotundity of earth is split,
 Sulphureous fires issue from the pit,

Or chasm, which his own morbid fancy forms ;
 The lightning's fury, and the dreadful storms
 Of nature wrestling with superior power—
 The yawning gulf—all ready to devour—
 The dæmons struggle on their burning throne,
 Contending for his sacrifice alone,
 Body and soul, in his delirious dream,
 So horrible doth everything beseem.
 Loathsome reptiles crawl around his bed—
 The ghost of murd'ers from the world long fled,
 In their pale cerements, stalk before his eyes ;
 His fancy shadows forth dire miseries,
 Himself a trembling sinner cast away,
 Praying for mercy at the judgment-day.

Ah ! now he hears the rattling of feet,
 With iron shoes, upon the stony street ;
 Two coal-black steeds to bear his soul away
 Unto eternal night that never knows a day :
 Tramp, tramp, they come, and quickly seem to fly,
 Like wildest antelopes of Araby.
 Now he is overwhelm'd with human fears ;
 The raven steeds are neighing in his ears ;
 Their dismal voices are for ever sounding,
 Around him wildly they are ever bounding ;
 The ever-changing horrors rack his brain ;
 The fire is flashing from each dreadful mane,
 And each dishevell'd lock of long black hair
 Changes to serpent-forms in his despair.
 Mercy, that's shower'd upon the hangman's soul,
 Denied to him, his blood sweats in his dole ;

He sighs, sobs, moans ; but not a single word,
 Save incoherent murmuring, is heard.
 Adieu to sleep ! adieu to balmy rest !
 Farewell, my friend, I wish thee with the blest !
 Thy peace is gone, and wounded to the core,
 Rest thou shalt never ! never, never more,
 On this side the insatiable grave ;
 But as there is a deathless soul to save,
 O ! let us hope for our departing brother,
Mercy and peace have kindly kiss'd each other ;
 And, as to all the dispensation's given,
May righteousness on him look down from heaven.

He dies apace : exhausted of his life,
 He vainly struggles amidst all this strife :
 " This, gentle maid, is the lost drunkard's doom,"
 I said, as we descended from his room.
 While I but faintly pictur'd this complaint,
 Which will attack the sinner and the saint,
 The rose upon the maiden's cheek had gone,
 And left the pallid lily there, alone :
 The patient heard not—to him word or thought
 Of others' joy or sorrow was as nought.
 O God ! I cannot look again, good host—
 Is this my friend now giving up the ghost ?
 Many have I seen in this sorry plight,
 But this sad case, my over-burden'd sight
 Cannot sustain : he never can recover :
 Child of the muse ! thy pilgrimage is over.
 Host ! you are kind : take care unto the last :
 In a few days, unto the grave he pass'd.

And is not this a lesson to the young ?
 Sages have taught, minstrels and bards have sung,
 And here was one, to whom all history's pages
 Had been explor'd, from the remotest ages :
 The English language, varied, beautiful,
 Lay at his feet in flowers for him to cull :
 Perchance, some future chronicler may tell
 How all that listen'd, felt, as if a spell
 Had bound them to the well remembered spot,
 Where, what he uttered, was not soon forgot :
 With all his genius by heaven supplied,
 And by men's admiration dignified,
 Avoiding the old Roman suicide,
 He yet preferred a still more lingering death,
 In favourite inn to breathe his latest breath.

Come, ye, who fain would shun his wretched fate,
 And take good counsel ere it be too late :
 If husbandry be your's, each rood of land
 Cultur'd should be, and by the owner's hand :
 Yes ! you must humbly kiss your mother earth,
 And find in health and peace a second birth.
 Return to nature, at whatever cost—
 Return to nature, or give up the ghost :
 Return to virtue, or your mind will be
 Plung'd in the depths of hopeless misery :
 Return to virtue, or your soul may rue ;
 Return to virtue, and religion, too.
 O ! bid adieu the alcoholic bowl,
 Call back the energies of self-controul ;
 Shun this vile curse, this meanest suicide,
 Rally within your native strength and pride ;

Kindly be just, and morally be brave,
 And wait for Nature's hand to dig your grave :
 Casting vain cares away, Hope re-appears,
 Life's gloom disperses, and its prospect cheers ;
 A meditative pleasure fills the soul,
 Philosophy resumes her bland control ;
 The prison'd eagle-spirit bursts its chain,
 And soars to worlds beyond all Nature's vast domain.

"MY UNCLE TUM."

And is old Double dead ?

SHAKSPERE.

And hath he finish'd life's brief sum ?
 And is he dead ? poor "UNCLE TUM."

A little social man was he,
 Remember'd in my infancy ;
 And often came to see my mother,
 And soon I learn'd he was her brother :
 How glad was I to see him come,
 And always welcome, "UNCLE TUM."

And when the silk loom wanted *gaiting* (18)
 O then my anxious mother waiting,
 And watching through the window-pane,
 To see him coming down the lane,
 The while I stood upon a chair,
 Regardless of the want and care,
 From empty loom and hanging *thrum*— (19)
 O, then I call'd for "UNCLE TUM."

Many a smiling spring pass'd by,
 Many a summer's laughing eye,
 Many an autumn's golden corn
 Was by the reaper's sickle shorn ;
 Many a winter's snow and frost
 Over the Yorkshire moorlands cross'd ;
 Many a bitter, biting blast
 By our snug cottage rudely pass'd,
 Intervening times beside,
 Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide,
 Came as they might, whate'er might come,
 O ever welcome "UNCLE TUM."

In gardening delight he took,
 And read and studied many a book :
 Arithmetic could understand,
 And wrote a good old-fashion'd hand :
 Oft would discourse of mother Nature,
 And praise her beauty, form and feature ;
 And when the festive board was crown'd,
 And village ale went briskly round,
 Loud would he talk of stoic Cato,
 And of the transcendental Plato ;
 Of other names of modern times,
 Unsuit'd to my simple rhymes :
 Of battles lost, and battles won,
 By Ney, Soult, and Napoleon ;
 And of the "glorious Waterloo,"
 He'd say what many count as true,
 That Grouchy purposely kept back,

And until Blucher join'd th' attack,
 Our greatest Captain cried, *Alack!*
 But, if you said, the Duke had won it,
 He'd swear that British gold had done it :
 And who, in all the circle present,
 More kindly, cheerful, witty, pleasant,
 Laughing, joking, jesting, gibing,
 And the home-brew'd ale imbibing,
 And, yet, at none would bite his thumb? (20)
 The muse re-echoes "UNCLE TUM."

And of *free-trade* he'd say, "Egad !
 "They must be either drunk or mad,
 "Or stricken with *teetotal* blindness,
 "Or destitute of human kindness ;
 "The proudest lords of highest station,
 "Starving every one i'th' nation,
 "Plunging the country into want,
 "Producing nought but dearth and scant,
 "Nor caring who was growing thinner,
 "Provided they had got their dinner ;"
 Then, every one within the room,
 Cried, " *Well done, well done, UNCLE TUM.*"

At learned botanic club, or meeting,
 The humble sons of science greeting
 Each one the other, in that spirit,
 Which truest wisdom doth inherit ;
 Kind, frank, familiar, open, plain,
 And never pompous, never vain ;

From daily labour stealing hours,
 Studying nature's varied powers ;—
 At this great picture language faileth,
 And some carping critic railleth :—
 Mark when a native plant was found,
 Ne'er seen before on English ground,
 Note the pure joy, the wondrous pleasure,
 As if each one had found a treasure ;
 Though some, perchance, might him surpass,
 Describing *genus, species, class,*
 But, last to go and first to come,
 Was true and constant "UNCLE TUM."

When mid this life's surrounding shade,
 The fondest hopes were doom'd to fade ;
 When, once, twice, thrice affliction came
 And chill'd to clay a living frame ;
 When mother's, brother's, sister's breath
 Exhal'd in all-absorbing death ;—
 They who had been the village pride,
 In death's cold arms lay side by side ;
 Of three so well belov'd, bereav'd,
 E'en Hope's delightful smile deceiv'd ;
 Our hearth became a scene of gloom,
 The dreary darkness of the tomb ;—
 He was the counsellor and friend
 Of each, unto the final end ;
 He was the comforter, who smil'd
 In love, on each surviving child ;
 And rous'd each drooping heart at last,

To bear resignedly the past,
 In decent cheerfulness and hope,
 Unlike despairing misanthrope,
 Who would let Hope all dormant lie
 In heathenish obscurity ;
 And truth reject, condemn, repel
 Unto the old, unfathom'd well ;
 For, still, this world, with all its gloom,
 Had Heaven's own light for "UNCLE TUM."

And when, in many after years,
 With some of smiles, but more of tears ;
 When this great, goodly frame the earth,
 With all its scenes of woe and mirth,
 With all its pomp and vanity,
 And all its sheer inanity,
 To me were known ; and the remote
 And silent ages 'gan to float
 Down the eternal stream of mind,
 In epic, lyric page refin'd :
 Old Shakspeare, multiform and vast,
 And destin'd through all time to last ;
 Of boundless depth, and many-sided,
 By none but senseless fools derided ;—
 When I would vainly sigh for fame,
 And struggle for a deathless name ;
 Betimes my board with plenty crown'd,
 Betimes a scant meal only found ;
 Who would to me, more kindly come,
 Than thou, belovèd "UNCLE TUM ?"

Alas ! tis finish'd : life's brief dreams
 Are over ; and to me beseems
 More welcome than the first that pass'd,
 The last brief struggle at the last :
 'Tis finish'd now ; and of life's sum
 Thou know'st the total, "UNCLE TUM."

THE RURAL JOURNEY.

AN ECHO POEM.

"Lord Julio, Madam, Romanello, read a novelty :
 'tis written from Bononia."—*Ford's Fancies.*

Bright-eye.(31)—Alas ! I could not bear
 To breathe the in-door air ;
 Awhile I must retire,
 And sweeter air respire :
 Amidst these ancient venerable trees,
 I feel a freer and a fresher breeze.

Echo.—Ease.

I heard a pleasant sound ;—
 Is it the vagrant mind ?
 The wierd spirit, in its restless round,
 A home can never find.
 Alas ! my head is in a woeful plight.

Echo.—Light.

Dear Echo, all my body shakes.

Echo.—Aches.

To his Titinius, by his side,
 “ *Give me some drink,*” great Cæsar
 cried,
 Fainting and sinking, like a girl
 That’s cast away a priceless pearl.
 Another glass, I pray—Alas !
 I’ve gotten to a pretty pass.

Echo.—Ass !

Thy wit’s too rude
 For this mild solitude ;
 I must advance—
 I cannot retrograde ;
 Although still-life may dance
 Around, the draught the witch hath
 made, (22)
 Soul and body to debase,
 In my sad and hopeless case,
 Must be swallow’d,
 Howe’er unhallow’d
 Be every drop,
 From its base to its top.

Echo.—Stop.

Of that ammonia that quickly gives
 A sweet variety of thoughts, I pray,
 A single drop ;
 I cannot stop ;
 I must pursue the old erratic way,
 While this infatuated being lives :
Laud’num, then, or the old Theban drug,
 The wise physician found

On earth's exhaustless breast,
 For suffering man to rest,—
 And conquer'd pain, when, bound
 In bed-rid agony, his patient lay,
 Struggling for sleep, and sweating out
 his clay.
 With gnawing pain and burning thirst
 I tug :—
 Would I were in my grave.

Echo.—Rave.

Mysterious alchemist, whose touch makes
 gold—
 Whose breath's a lambent flame !
 Spirit of distillation ! come, enfold
 Thy mantle round my shivering frame !
 Come, Faust—Mephisto—witch, or hag,
 In scarlet robe, or in unseemly rag ;
 Doctor, or devil, of whate'er degree,
 Take any shape, but bring the *drink*
 with thee.
 Bacchus ! Lyæus ! names divine ; (23)
 O, for a draught of generous wine !

Echo.—Swine.

Echo, thou art too witty ;
 Vouchsafe a drop of pity ;
 Give me but *that*, sweet nymph, to thee
 I cry.

Echo.—I cry.

Ah ! then, to ease my groundless fears,
 Thou wilt assist me in my tears :
 Is that thy will ?

Echo.—I will.

Dear Echo, yet I feel
A something o'er me steal;
An indescribable sensation,
That gives no little trepidation :
What causes my low spirits ?

Echo.—Spirits.

Is drink the cause of my infirmities ?

Echo.—It is. (24)

I now begin to think
I've taken too much drink :
This drinking is the devil.

Echo.—Evil.

Sweet Echo, can'st thou tell
What course I should pursue,
And this foul labyrinth get through,
Thou, of the secret and mysterious cell ?

Echo.—Sell.

My barrels, bottles, glasses,
My spirits, wine, and beer,—
That all the world surpasses,—
Must I consign unto an auctioneer,
And bid adieu to all good cheer ?

Echo.—Hear.

And drink no more ?

Echo.—No more.

What ! part with all my store !
Alas ! my fate—
My poor, unhappy state !
You cannot stop, if you but once begin;
“ To return were more tedious than go o'er : ”

'Tis said wit's *out*, when drink is *in*.

Echo.—Sin.

Is that my sore complaint?
Doth that my weak heart taint?
Is that the curse upon me,
Whose burden hath undone me?
What is my future destination,
If I resist not this temptation,
And every snare repel?
My sweet companion, tell.

Echo.—Hell!

Oh! horror! horror!

Echo.—Roar! roar!

May I confess, or pray, or kneel, or bow?
Or prostrate my whole body on the
earth,

And with humiliation soothe my woe?

Unhappy mortal! why had I a birth?
Oh! for the minstrelsy of bards of old,
The sweet philosophy of Plato's shade,
Or some diviner spirit, to unfold

The secret source wherein my sorrow's
laid—

To bear upon its wings the spirit of sleep,
And kindly, gently, o'er my senses creep,
Mid healing odours, sweeter than the breath
Of woodland violets, or the musk-rose
bloom,

To me, thus humble, prostrate, and
resign'd,

Praying for one long sabbath of the mind,

That's vested with a power to conquer death,
 And triumph o'er the marble of the tomb.
 "The troubled mind that man avenges
 best,
 "Who bursts the trammels that enslave
 his breast"—

Echo.—Rest.

"Casts off his pains at once, and flies to
 rest."

Echo.—Rest.

Can I disperse these troubles,
 As easily as bubbles?
 Can I repeat, "*Begone dull care,*"
 And, *presto*, what becomes of my despair?

Echo.—Air.

What plan? which way?
 What mode of action,
 To change the pole
 Of this attraction,
 And comfort bring unto my soul?
 Come, dearest Echo, say;
 Oh! nymph benign,
 The welcome task assign.

Echo.—Sign.

The pledge: I understand.

Echo.—Stand.

Alas! I grow sick;
 I am cut to the quick.

Echo.—Quick.

Fond favourite of the muse,
 I cannot *thee* refuse:

For what are oaths and pledges unto man ?
 Alas! they are as frail as lovers' vows,
 Or gamesters' oaths, to break as soon as
 made.

O! let me pledge to my determin'd will;
 Let me take oath to my immortal soul;
 And may the **UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE**,
 That guides the honest and the virtuous
 heart,

Be now enthron'd in more than robes of
 gold,

Or rich insignia of temporal power;
 Deck'd with more hues, than the rain-
 bow's semi-circle ;

More beauteous than the halo of the moon ;
 Or the deep awful glory of the sun,
 Upon his eastern, or his western throne ;
 More than all these, in their infinitude,
 Surround, encompass, the pure **FRIEND**

OF MAN :

Now, by the light of the undying sun,
 By the pure atmosphere that feeds my life,
 By the revolving earth, on which I stand,
 And that which did exist ere man existed,
 And will continue when he is no more,
 In an eternal sovereignty of power,—
 When human pomp is mingled with the
 dust,

And golden crowns and mitres disappear,
 Like the frail garland of a May-day fool ;
 By this, by these, I give my fervent pledge,

And lay my hand upon my breast,
 For everlasting love and rest,
 For the heart's sweetest peace,
 And life's dread ills to cease,
 My long-lost wealth to find,
 A calm, contented mind.

THE PLEDGE.

To set my burden'd spirit free,
 I voluntarily agree,
 That I will totally abstain,
 And urge my fellows to refrain,—
 From wine, rum, brandy, whiskey, gin—
 Vile spirits! source of every sin—
 From cider, ale, and porter ;—distillations
 And deleterious fermentations,
 No more shall place me in a trance ;
 I'll cling to blessèd temperance.
 Oh! may I strive to serve this righteous
 cause,
 For its own sake, and not for man's
 applause,
 While I sojourn in this, my earthly home,
 And hope the glory of a life to come.

Echo.—Life—come!

Sweet paranymp! Where is thy calm,
 Mysterious cell?
 On me thou pour'st life's balm,
 And break'st the witch's spell,
 My wounded heart to save ;—
 Oh! leave thy rocky cave,

And winding dell,
 And woodland mound,
 Beside the crystal well ;
 Thou art too pure for earth's dull ground,
 And not unworthy of the "solemn quire,"
 Art thou, whose secret monotone,
 Nymph of the chaste desire,
 Comes, with sweet music, cheering me, alone.
 All gloomy fancies soon will fade.

Echo.—I'll aid.

Attendant on me still,
 Obedient to my will !
 In calm sobriety,
 And with a true propriety,—
 The wretched past forgiven,
 In the sweet hope of heaven,—
 To the bewitching bowl,
 The curse of many a soul,
 As many a wretched soul can tell,
 For aye I bid *farewell*.

Echo.—Farewell.

THE RETURN :

OR,

THE TEMPTATION.

SCENE I.—Poet, *solus*. *Scene, the Country.*

LET me respire the vital air of hills
 And mountains ; and the fragrant breeze of vales,
 And pastoral meads ; the ever-happy homes
 Of strong-wing'd birds ; and grazing herds and flocks ;
 And myriad minute, and tiny creatures
 Of mother Earth ; and all her limpid waters,
 Ever bubbling from perpetual springs.
 Ah ! like the peasant in the tale, who scooped
 The water with the hollow of his hand,
 And made the philosophic Cynic throw (25)
 Away his bowl ; here would I emulate,
 As oft in boyish years it was my wont,
 The unsophisticated man : and leave,
 For ever leave, the poisons, which have writ
 The blood-stain'd catalogue of crime and woe.

My path is rugged, but not dangerous,
 Illumed by Hope, that ever-burning lamp,
 Unseen of vulgar curiosity,
 Which leads man onward, like a frighten'd beast,

Or headlong, without reason, like a crowd,
 That rushes forward, if a dog but bark
 At two mad fellows bruising each the other.
 I fathom high and low, if foot or hand
 Can hold the body safely—for the life,
 Glowing within its own incarnate channels,
 Which nature says *preserve*, in the first clause
 Of her unalterable code.

Now, onward—

Onward to the path, the labourer's pick and spade
 Have made an easy road for human feet,
 Conquering the strength of the primeval hills,
 And leaving, right and left, a mountain's height.
 Could ancient Jupiter have done aught more
 Than this, with his dread-thunder blast ? (36)
 O, art and strength of man ! what wondrous work !
 Guided by truthful, mathematic lines,
 Pythagoras inscribed upon the scroll,
 In the high temple of immortal fame.

Homeward I haste, to join a social circle,
 A choice, disinterested, happy few,
 Endowed with gifts, neglected by the world ;
 And by a special providential care,
 Peculiarly happy in themselves,
 For, that they love each other, and despise
 None high, nor low ; would gladly interpose
 Between a coward-tyrant and a slave ;
 And in the place of falsehood, fix the truth.

The single thread may soon untwisted be,
 But put together in an endless line,
 Cross'd and re-cross'd alternately in one,
 Becomes a fabric firm, a canvass-wall,
 Against old ocean's storms ; and if you join
 A band of brothers, in a virtuous cause,
 Indissolubly bound, the wildest wave
 Of life's tempestuous sea may not prevail
 Against you, nor divert your onward course
 From that delightful shore, that fruitful land
 Of promise to the honest, upright heart,
 As it may glide to final happiness.
 Now, onward—onward.

SCENE II.

Poet. *Mephistopheles above, in the distance.*

Poet.

Returned, once more, to air municipal,
 Leaving salubrious scenes and rural cots,
 The mind is wand'ring, yet without the will :
 A figure of a dark and princely form
 Is moving towards me in the dim perspective :
 Now, the bold out-line becomes perfect work.
 Accustom'd unto visions, passing strange,
 Blest with a conscience void of guilty taint,
 Why should I tremble, or why prostrate fall ?
 Perchance, 'tis but a dreamy, waking sight.

Mephistopheles.

Thou art returned ; and, ere to-morrow's sun
 Scatter the darksome clouds of night away,

I would amuse thee with a pleasant word :
 I am, forsooth, no enemy of poets,
 Whate'er the preacher say. Come—quickly come ;
 Take hold of this exterior garment firmly ;
 The dark robe compassing the dreaded form
 Of Mephistopheles ; and thy weak eyes
 Shall strengthen, and behold the strangest things.

Poet.

I may not—cannot—dare not—must not come.
 Enough for me of visions : art thou some
 Aëronaut ascending, or descending ?
 Let me remain on *terra firma* still.
 I hear from time to time unreal sounds ;
 I see from time to time unreal things :
 This world and others, which the restless sage
 Discovers with his scientific tube ;
 The innumerable glowing balls of light ;
 The planets, and the stars in the bright path,
 The golden clusters of unnumber'd suns,
 The glorious bauldrick of the eternal heavens ; (37)
 The atoms insignificant of life
 And matter, which for ever me surround,
 Appear to me a never-ending vision ;
 A dim, continuous, and shadowy dream ;
 Yet, if thou art the Prince of Air, I may
 Be wrapt, or lost, in thy subduing presence ;
 But mine own eyes may close not their weak lids,
 Whatever thou may'st shew.

*Mephistopheles assists him upwards to an aërial
 chamber.*

SCENE III.—Mephistopheles. Poet.

Poet.

What wondrous shades !

Clouds—light and darkness—mountains, hills and vales !
 Beams faintly glowing, linger in the west,
 If west it be, for here I am without
 One point to rule the rest, afloat at sea,
 A sea of drear uncertainty and doubt.
 Alternately I view, but dimly view,
 Change following change, in serial procession ;
 My guiding star is lost ; I nor behold
 A single constellation moving round,
 In nightly circle, the bright polar beam :
 Ah ! Hesperus is gone ! my favourite star !

(To Mephistopheles.)

Thy presence shrouds with darkening film mine eyes ;
 Here, under heaven, a gloomy terror reigns ;
 This is assuredly the path to hell.
 What is that in the illimitable distance ?
 A silver sea. It fades ; 'tis quickly gone ;
 And dread sublimity, and giant-terror,
 Rise in their mountain-forms, and pyramids,
 Faintly, obscurely seen. Now, I have lost
 The blessed light of that sweet silver sea.
 Another change ! What glorious wonders !
 That sea is now become a trackless plain
 Of golden pillars, statues, obelisks ;
 And temples, palaces, domes, turrets, towers ;

Beauty and glory intermingled seem,
 To shroud our human world in one vast robe,
 As they now lie, at this calm hour of night,
 In the calm peace of a refreshing sleep :
 What's this ? Where's this ? I seem to tread on air.

Mephistopheles.

And thou may'st now behold the dreaded spirit,
 Who holds within his grasp thy mortal form !

Poet.

Come, gently then ; and with a courteous
 And princely hand, conduct me gracefully.
 Have I not pored o'er the eternal pages,
 The blood-red tablets of the tragic muse,
 Of great Prometheus, agonizing Lear,
 Whose children chang'd themselves to vultures fierce,
 Gnawing the heart of their old, royal father ?
 Yet there was one pure daughter of his house,
 His home, his heart, his inmost bosom's solace.
 Fair virtue I have lov'd, and ugly vice
 Hath oft been sprinkled with weak pity's tears ;
 Even madness claims some sympathy from me.
 " *Poor Tom's a cold,—poor Tom's a cold,*" quoth he,
 " *The Prince of Darkness was a gentleman,*"
 And gives thee olden names—*Modo* and *Mahu* : (28)
 Surely, like his, my reason has not strayed.
 Is this a vision, or a waking dream ?

Mephistopheles.

I am no figment of a poet's brain ;
 So rest yourself contentedly awhile.
 If 'twere a dream, confusion's ball would roll
 In every chamber of your mental mansion ;
 And the contraction and dilation, too,
 Of your weak heart, would play a losing game :
 The stakes—perchance, not life—nor even reason ;
 But then, I should disturb you in your slumbers ;
 And you, the sweet sleep of the innocent.

Poet.

Ah ! I have been in company good, bad,
 Indifferent ; and learned and *unlearn'd* ;
 Gentle and ungentle ; virtuous and vicious ;
 But never yet imagin'd I should shake
 The devil's hand at last. I'm not at ease ;
 And if I stay much longer, it may be
 A dangerous pastime, worse than weary labour ;
 I had better till the ground, or beat the iron,
 Snatch'd from the furnace, bright as molten gold,
 Until the sweat drops from me on the stithy ;
 Or ply the oar upon the dangerous wave ;
 Or meet the fire-damp in the darksome mine,
 Dreadful as hell, thine own congenial realm,—
 Than to continue parleying with thee :
 Me thou may'st alter, for the worse, I know ;
 But thee I cannot influence a jot :
 Incurrible, art thou not, for ever ?

Mephistopheles.

Indeed! what harm hath come upon you now?
Aha! you do not seem so much alarmed?

Poet.

Much more than my beseeming. Let me go
Down, where I was before. The day is gone;
The noon of night is here; and nature gives
A serious warning, and a solemn pause;
Conscience cries out, and shakes this tenement
Of living clay, as if 'twould fall to atoms:
Reminiscential feelings wake my heart
To dreams of early life. In my green youth,
In solitary hours, I read of thee;
For our own Marlowe, and the German Goëthe, (29)
Have thrown their brilliant intellectual fire
On thy syllabical and princely name,
Seeming to mingle with the terrible
Elements of thy infernal nature.
It is enough for me to know thou art
The enemy of man: thy knowledge leads
For ever on to infelicity.

Mephistopheles.

"*Knowledge is power.*" Who taught old Verulam,
Two hundred years ago, those winged words? (30)

Poet.

Not thou. If taught by more than Nature's power,
A greater and a purer spirit than thine:

The ineffable! the indescribable!
The great, eternal Fiat, ruling all.

Mephistopheles.

How boldly, yet, how calmly thou speak'st now:
Is that thy mode below with men, thine equals?
Your honourable and legitimate
Superiors your very tone and manner
Must certainly offend. A little timid
Modesty, although by way of form,
So that you wisely keep in proper bounds,—
A polished speciousness being scarcely known,
Even with the quick-discerning few,—
Is the best, the most insidious, and sure
Course of ingratiating with the world:
Pray, take the hint: you would succeed, no doubt.

Poet.

O, I would bow, or kneel, to truth and justice;
And not to mortal man, nor to a spirit,
Imbued for ever with man's worser part.
Were I to kneel, in mild humility,
Should it not be to Him, who sends the sun,
All-gloriously, to light this lower world,
And vivifies all sentient creatures from
Our human biped to the centipede.

Mephistopheles.

Aha! truth! justice! figments of your mind!
What is the truth you worship? Aha! truth!

Search for the truth—within that infinite
 And endless well, where through the lapse of time,
 The superannuated epochs past,
 Supposititious dates of history,
 And cycles, aye, and epicycles, lost,
 'Mid centuries of centuries of ages,—
 A philosophic pearl, it ever lies
 Conceal'd. Did Socrates, the wise and good,
 Find aught at last but the black hemlock-draught?
 The great geometer, Pythagoras;
 Or Euclid; or a greater still, wise Newton,
 Who gather'd pebbles on the distant shore
 Of the vast ocean, Truth, a school-boy's task! (31)
 Did one, or all, do more than to bewray
 How little is the whole they all explor'd?
 What is the truth you worship, and before
 Whose undiscover'd altar you would kneel?
 Come, do not quail; fear not to answer me:
 I promise thee a safe and quick return
 To that poor dwelling, where thyself and thine,
 May once more sleep a sweet restoring sleep:
 Thou shalt resume thy usual vocations,
 And be no worse for harmless colloquy
 With Mephistopheles.

Poet.

I am not well:

And feel too spiritless to breathe an answer;
 But jesting Pilate asked the question once, (32)
 Then sneer'd contemptuously, nor stayed to hear

The truth from him, who suffer'd for its sake.
 Should I say what is truth, I shall be treated
 In quick rejoinder, with a polish'd jest :
 The lover of the truth must then go down ;
 The facts agreeing with the records given,
 In witness of the same to all mankind,
 In the broad face of day ; the living light
 From underneath the shading bushel taken,
 Spreading its brilliant beams to ignorance,
 In testamentary, undying love,—
 Is our pure, holy truth, the truth divine :
 But there are those, who wilfully 'are blind,
 And, in despite of truth, they seek to be
 Corrupted, and love darkness more than light,
 Their first and latest act being done for evil,
 Hugging their loathsome vices to the last.
 While the great sun with glorious light shall beam ;
 And dissipate the ebon clouds of night :
 So shall the independent mind of man ;
 The incorruptible, strong, human heart ;
 The charitable law which regulates
 His actions, sweet'ning his most bitter blood,
 Be fix'd within his own immortal nature ;
 And, like that awful globe of life and light,
 Take an unerring and an endless course,
 And shame to night's obscurity the face
 Of all who will not listen to the truth,
 Nor let its light and beauty bless the world.
 There is a spirit in the truth divine,
 Which maketh oft its certain revolutions,

And comes at last, to the lone home of him,
 Who suffers patiently the wrath of man ;
 Like to an angel-spirit, and exalts,
 And bears him up again, from his low state,
 With manna-laden wings—O glorious hope !

Mephistopheles.

Aha ! these are the dreams of simple minds :
 The world of poets, never realised,
 But when the furnace of their ardent minds,
 Is heated into feverish romance,
 With their insatiable, and morbid longings :
 Climbing the mount, Parnassus, though ye starve,
 Ye sing the same old song blind Homer sung :
 Ye think to lead, and ye *mislead* the world,
 Pointing man's views unto the distant cloud,
 When ye, yourselves, should cultivate the clod.
 You have been drinking the wine of poësy :
 It is a most intoxicating draught.
 Even the every-day and plodding man
 Can see the wild abstraction of your eyes,
 Bent on the past, or on futurity,
 Profoundly lost to all the present world.
 A book of figures, or a studious course
 Of mathematical deductions, might (33)
 Recall your errant fancy, and reclaim
 To practical exactitude, the mind,—
 Wand'ring on spendthrift and ungovern'd wing,
 From all the calm utilities of life ;
 So that the numerals on every page

Of the rich merchant's ledger, would not seem
 All in a mist of undecypherable
 Characters, darker than the Sibyl's books.
 You might, then, win the wealth, and present honours
 Of that reality before your eyes :
 The past is nothing—and the future is
 The same—even to the shadow of a shade,—
 A fathomless, obscure profundity :
 Make use of that which *is*, and dream no more,
 Nor envy the poor peasant of his sleep !
 But, I would not deprive your heart of hope,
 Take care you lose it not by self-négllect :
 A word is quite sufficient to the wise.

Poet.

I can perceive the *star* upon your breast,
 And hear the sarcasm of a polish'd tongue ;
 I could admire the seeming sauvity,
 And ornamental outline of a noble
 And true Corinthian order, if I not
 Perceiv'd the horse's foot upon the earth,
 Throwing its gross materials in my face,
 To soil, and darken into ugly shade,
 Both the discourser, and the whole discourse.
 Howe'er abstracted I may seem to be,
 The strong perceptive faculty is waken,
 And not to be too bent on cooler reason,
 I cultivate the feelings of affection :
 I cleanse, with loving heart, my darken'd eyes ;
 And purge, with sympathy pervading all

The various tribes of man, and creeds of old,
 Error or truth—my earth-encrusted soul;
 And even in darkness, see a ray divine.
 The light of nature, and a purer light,
 Irradiates my mind with sacred visions;
 This mortal, shall become immortal life;
 Whatever clouds surround, or evils darken,
 Chang'd it shall be, in the twinkling of an eye,
 Into a spirit bright and pure as glory,
 The ever-radiant and eternal glory,
 Circling the god-like brow of Jesus Christ.

Mephistopheles.

There is no end perceived, nor purpose plain,
 In all this devious circumlocution;
 You may exhaust yourself, but not the subject:
 A thousand tongues are chattering even now,
 Beneath the arctic and antarctic stars;
 Enthusiastic missionaries in each zone,
 With frantic zeal are voicing forth such words;
 But all in vain: the many still are blind
 To your delightful and ecstatic hopes.
 Indulge your visions; see to what they lead.

Poet.

Your late advice is good, whate'er the motive;
 But as your course is ever serpentine,
 I must be cautious of a gilded pill,
 And chemically test each separate
 Ingredient before I take the whole.

You, then, would not denude me of my hope,
 And leave me naked, helpless and forlorn.
 Hope is inherent in the mind, while sane,
 Wedded to every human heart till broken ;
 Glowing with visual rays, a light divine ;
 And should the earth become again immersed
 In elemental waters, or a dread
 Conflagration seize the universe
 In one destructive, awful pyreneum,—
 The hope, the faith, the ever-living spirit,
 Ascending from the perishable ashes,
 Would seek its vested heritage in heaven.

Mephistopheles.

You should have been an humble parish priest,
 Or graced a stall in some cathedral old,
 And borne with ease and dignity life's burden,
 Brightening religion's gloom with genius,
 The glowing halo, which surrounds the muse :
 An humble minstrel oft hath sorry fare ;
 And the poor follower of blithe Apollo
 Lives not on nectar and ambrosia :
 You might have utter'd, then, your verbiage,
 Like any preacher of the Gallic school ;
 And just within the ratio of your stipend,
 You might have been a happy, true, believer.
 The wild enthusiast, in his dreams of glory,
 Imagines himself safe ; but these soon fade ;
 A sad reaction intervenes ; a change—
 A dread reverse o'ertakes his troubled soul ;

And no physician of the mind, or body,
 Can ever cure the immedicable taint—
 The earthly finite ever longing for
 The heavenly—the unattainable—
 The unbeginning, endless infinite.
 Poor worm ! afflicted with a burning thirst ;
 And gnawing appetite to be a god !
 A creature of the dust ! now soaring onward—
 Excelling eagle-pennons in his flight—
 Then quickly changing to a prostrate form ;
 A mere cold lump of clay to decompose,
 And to return and mingle with the old,
 The primal elements of life and matter,
 The natural germs and principles of things,
 Eternal, increate, and indestructible :
 But let me not deprive your ardent mind
 Of the bewild'ring faithlessness of hope,
 Nor even weaken it the more, if I
 Should find it drooping with a sigh or tear,
 Shed over human vanity and frailty.
 Come, I will change the scene, if you dare follow.

Poet.

Perchance, to take some harm. Enough of evil
 Have I already seen ; tis not thy nature
 To shew me aught beside.

Mephistopheles.

Not to catch cold
 In the raw air ; wrap well your coat around
 Your mortal body, and have faith in me :
 Have confidence in Mephistopheles.

Poet.

What ! faith in thee, the demon of despair !
 Constant companion of the hapless wicked !
 And yet, I may not rail, though sweetest blood,
 Sometimes will momentarily turn bitter :
 Not faith, nor even confidence in thee !
 What faith or confidence can e'er I hold ?
 Faith is the evidence of things unseen ;
 But, from some temporary mystery,
 Thou art exposed unto my mortal eyes.
 Would I were rid of this hallucination :
 I feel the *incubus* upon my breast :
 Give me no faith in thee, but confidence
 In my own nature, and a purer spirit
 May not forsake me, in my latest hour.

Mephistopheles.

Certainly not, when fancy holds her reign ;
 And the hot, crimson tide of life is flowing,
 In flux arterial, and in venous reflux ;
 And in, perchance, a rapid circulation ;
 And with irregular and wildest pulse ;
 When every subtle fluid of the system,
 Is in an irritable state of motion,
 And last, subsiding stage of agitation,
 Then opens to the view, another life ;
 Another world ; then incoherent words
 Seem linked with more than logic reason's chain ;
 And preternatural excitement seems
 Illumination from a heavenly torch :
 And those around your death-couch may invent

A tale of mystery, a dark legend, fit
For grave and reverend sages to expound.

Poet.

You need not so pursue the jest. This world
Hath often set me many perilous tasks ;
And taught me, also, many grievous lessons ;
Even a piercing sarcasm I can bear.
If you persist in too much wicked wit,
I must retire, and leave you to yourself ;
“ In solitude, a wild beast or a god ;”
And loudly sound the talismanic words
Of him, who wore a cowl in pure devotion,
Knelt at the altar of the Paschal Lamb ;
And if e'er tempted, cried, *Satan—avaunt*,
Satan, *avaunt* ! Get thee behind me, *Satan*,
Apaga Sathanos, those old sounds (34)
From ancient learning in her monkish cell ;
Those spiritual words, and holy aspirations,
Demoniac power, nor wierd charm, nor death,
Nor hell, nor thou upon thy burning throne,
Can ever hush to silence ; they resound
In holy assonance, when serpent folds
Untwine, and laxly leave their cruel grasp,
And the dark face of evil waxeth pale.
Let me retire : too long I stay with thee.

Mephistopheles.

A word, and then most willingly adieu !
Some other time, to have another scene,

Remote, afar from this old Roman station,
 And in a purer region of the air :
 Some woodland, forest, or high mountain-land.
 Yes ! for awhile, thou shalt again be free
 From all the sad adversity befallen
 Upon thee in thy utmost need : thy mind
 On wings untir'd shall soar to other spheres.
 Yes : thou shalt forth with me, and feast thy fill
 With witches around ancient Pendle-hill ;
 With sylvan wierds, and restless wild-fire rangers,
 Dread wizard spirits, who are ever strangers
 To all thine own unhappy human fears,
 To all thy weaknesses and all thy tears ;
 Once more within my region, shalt thou come
 To something richer than thy crumbs at home.

[*Vanishes.*

Poet.

What dreams disturb the brains of all mankind !
 I seem awaking from a sleep profound ;
 And images of various form and hue,
 Distinctly, quickly, in a panorama,
 Are flitting now athwart my homeward path.
 Let reason rule, and guide my onward way ;
 And when I lose her light to point my path,
 With her firm, fixed, and faithful indices,
 May life depart in its bright company,
 And change my death-night to eternal day. (35)

STANZAS.

(*Written in Despondency.*)

How leafless is my life! my strength
Seems melted— my breast vacant—and in my brain
I hear the sound of a retiring sea.

HORNE'S DEATH OF MARLOWE.

Under the living sun,
The god of life and light,
Immeasurably bright,
I bear my being on,
Without my will; and sorrow,
Keen mental pain, from eve till morrow,
And thence the live-long day,
Preys on my vital blood, through all my veins away.

Have I deserved the fate
Of Sisyphus—to roll,
In never-ending dole,
The stone? Alas! I hate
The toil, and get along
Through the world's vile throng,
I cannot; and my shatter'd frame
Must sink beneath the task: alas! I'm still the same.

Call me not laggard: I
Have tried, and fail'd to win,
Amid the world's vile din,
Both peace and liberty.

Alas! Ixion, thine
 Is the fate of me and mine :
 But the rude thongs that bind .
 My goaded soul shall break, and its own freedom find.

Within my breast now burns
 My throbbing heart : I sink :
 My life—my being's on the brink
 Of death, and fondly turns
 To Him as to a friend
 Who can all sorrow end :
 The spirit of death is free,
 And gives the human soul a boundless liberty.

Ah! do I wake from sleep ?
 I thought to sleep no more.
 Upon the gloomy shore
 Of life's dark sea I weep
 In thankfulness, that I,
 • Like the tyrant that did die
 Despairing, ne'er with guilt
 Have murdered sleep, and human life's-blood spilt.

Come, let me calm my mind,
 And pray to nature's God,
 That his subduing rod
 May make my heart resign'd,
 And lull me to repose ;
 And mercy grant my foes,
 And on my friends bestow
 The gifts of health and peace, in this dull world.

A MORNING WALK IN MANCHESTER.

I took a pleasant morning walk,
 A steady quiet ramble :
 But not to tavern, nor to mart,
 Nor yet to butcher's shamble :
 I did not walk in dingy street,
 Nor in a pent-up court,
 Nor yet into a *cul de sac*,
 For children to make sport,
 If I, perchance, mistook my way,
 For them a little fun,
 In coming out the self-same road,
 As shot out of a gun.

In wide, improv'd, improving streets,
 I made my perigrination ;
 In open squares, 'mid splendid marts,
 I took my recreation :
 The fetid air of narrow streets,
 The stench from single houses,
 I left to beggars and their brats,
 And all the scolding spouses :
 Far from damp cellars under ground,
 Where human life is pining,
 Ne'er to behold the orb of day,
 Its rising or declining.

Proud Luxury, leave thy cushion'd chair,
 Old Avarice, leave thy treasure,
 Or sit in mean enjoyment there,
 And take your sordid pleasure ;
 Or in Cimmerian abodes,
 Where Vice and Ignorance dwell,
 Along with beetles, bats, and toads,
 There find your native hell.

Returning home through Withy Grove,
 Amid the noise of waggons,
 Jamm'd fast, midst large and little carts,
 The drivers, fierce as dragons,
 Belabour'd whips about the sides
 Of the poor, jaded animals,
 As cruel as an Indian horde,
 In savage land of Cannibals.

At length, unravell'd, they moved on,
 And every thing was righted ;
 And I resum'd my morning walk,
 And soon became delighted
 With a line of market-stalls array'd,
 Where choicest things abound ;
 And book-stands, here and there display'd,
 In this *Grove of Withs* I found.

While looking at some ancient tomes
 Of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin,
 A little English maiden came,
 Bedeck'd in shining satin ;

She ask'd the bookman for a song—
 'Twas " Love among the Roses "—
 And then a pretty Jewess came
 For the " Old Five Books of Moses."

The bookman found the English song,
 Also the Hebrew Pentateuch ;
 The former gave he to the maid,
 The Jewess got the latter book ;
 He smil'd upon the pretty fair—
 'Twas really quite bewildering—
 With such an interesting air,
 As if they were his children.

The books were speedily dispos'd,
 And the book-stall became throng,
 About the Jewess and her book,
 And the English maiden's song ;
 When the old bookman 'gan to chat
 To all about his stand,
 And gravely asked—" What were the Five,
 " The five books of this land ? "

" The Five Books of Old England ;
 " Come, come, what do you think ? "
 One thought the question somewhat shrewd,
 And should not meet a blink.
 " I think," the man of books replied,
 With emphasis most striking,
 " The five choice books of old John Bull,
 " And the most unto his liking,

"Are the old sacred volume, *one*,
 "Immortal Shakspeare, *two*, know,
 "Old Bunyan's *Pilgrim* maketh *three*,
 " And *four*, old Robinson Crusoe ;

"The next, and last, is *five* ; " he paused—
 His artful mode of speaking ;—
 "Come, come, I give ye all a chance,
 "About your brains be seeking :
 "I have it in my memory lock'd,
 " And at my will the key turns ;
 "The fifth—the fifth—*must* be, and *shall*,
 " And now *is* given to thee, Burns."

Then there was many a genial smile,
 Each bosom felt a pleasure,
 Proud of old England's glorious works,
 Old England's richest treasure ;
 And the little maiden went away,
 With "Love among the Roses ;"
 The pretty Jewess followed her,
 With the "Old Five Books of Moses."

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER WILSON,

OF LONG MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

Principal author of "The Songs of the Wilsons," who died January 6th, 1846, aged 43 years, as inscribed on his grave-stone, near the ash tree, in Cheetham-hill Cemetery.

Thy strains have charm'd the evening hours,
 With inoffensive glee ;
 And they who know thy varied powers,
 May well remember thee :
 While wit and humour are admir'd,
 Thy quaint and cheerful rhymes,
 By truest genius inspir'd,
 Will brighten future times.

NEWTON-HEATH WAKES,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In that sweet season of the year,
 When August's golden crops appear ;
 When harvest cheers the hall and cot,
 And poor men may not be forgot ;
 The rye and oats their skill require,
 And heavy wheat-sheaves strong arms tire :
 When fruit in plenteousness abounds,
 And the old gard'ner goes his rounds,
 And nought his gathering hand escapes,
 Pears, peaches, apricots, nor grapes ;

When polyanthus, mignonette,
 And some choice flowers are smiling yet ;
 When trees and shrubs put forth their blooms,
 In gardens and in pleasant rooms ;
 And the quick-climbing virgin's bower,
 And the all-beauteous passion-flower ;
 When wastes and marshes, and wild heaths,
 O'er which the scented zephyr breathes,
 Display gorse-flowers, and long fern-leaves,
 Which the observant eye perceives,
 In richest purple, green, and gold,
 Its own light sparkling to behold
 Their beauty to the orb of day,
 " Pay gold for gold," and ray for ray ; (36)
 When birds resume their songs of spring,
 Their lovely music lingering ;
 And wood and barn-owls loudly shout,
 As if were near some rabble rout :
 And beech trees drop the yellow leaf,
 A type of human hope and grief ;
 And tiny wild-flowers leave the sun,
 Their pretty love-tasks being done ;
 And Nature, with exhaustless charms,
 Makes summer die in autumn's arms : ♦
 There is a merry, happy time,
 To grace withal this simple rhyme ;
 There is a jovial, joyous hour,
 Of mirth and jollity in store ;—
 The wakes—the wakes—the jocund wakes !
 My wandering mem'ry now forsakes

The present busy scene of things,
 Erratic, upon fancy's wings,
 For olden times with garlands crown'd
 And rush-carts green on many a mound,
 In hamlets bearing a great name, (37)
 The first in astronomic fame ;
 With buoyant youth, and modest maid,
 All skipping o'er the green-sward glade,
 With langhing eyes and ravish'd sight,
 To view, once more, the old delight.
 O ! now there comes—and let's partake—
 Brown nuts, spice-bread, and Eccles-cake ;
 There's flying-boxes, whirligigs,
 And sundry rustic pranks and rigs ;
 With old Chum, cracking nuts and jokes, (38)
 To entertain the country folks,
 But more to sell and turn a penny,
 And get an honest living any—
 Aye, any humble striving way,
 Than do what shuns the light of day.
 Behold the rush-cart, and the throng
 Of lads and lasses pass along ;
 Now, view the nimble morris-dancers,
 The blithe, fantastic, antic prancers,
 Bedeck'd in gaudiest profusion
 With ribbons in a sweet confusion
 Of brilliant colors, richest dyes,
 Like wings of moths and butterflies,—
 Waving white 'kerchiefs in the air,
 And crossing here, re-crossing there,
 And up and down, and every where ;

Springing, bounding, gaily skipping,
 Deftly, briskly, no one tripping ;
 All young fellows, blithe and hearty,
 Thirty couples in the party ;
 And on the foot-paths may be seen
 Their sweethearts from each lane and green,
 And cottage-home, all fain to see
 This festival of rural glee ;
 The love betroth'd, the fond heart plighted,
 And with the witching scene delighted ;
 In modest guise, in simple graces,
 The roses blushing on their faces.
 Ah ! what denotes, or what bespeaks,
 Love more than those sweet apple-cheeks ?

Behold the strong-limb'd horses stand,
 The pride and boast of English land ;
 Fitted to move in shafts or chains,
 With plaited, glossy tails, and manes ;
 Their proud heads each a garland bears
 Of quaint devices—suns and stars,
 And roses, ribbon-wrought, abound,
The silver plate, one hundred pound, (39)
 With green oak boughs the cart is crown'd,
 The strong, gaunt horses, shake the ground.

Now, see, the welcome host appears,
 And thirsty mouths the ale-draught cheers ;
 Draught after draught is quickly gone—
 Come, here's a health to every one ;
 Away with care and doleful thinking,
 The cup goes round—what hearty drinking !

While many a youth the lips is smacking,
 And the two drivers' whips are cracking ;
 Now, strike up music, the old tune,
 And louder, quicker, old Bassoon ;
 Come, bustle, lads, for one dance more,
 And then *cross morris* three times o'er.

Another day, another night,
 Of mirthful, innocent delight ;
 Another scene of youth's romance :—
 Come, join once more, the country dance,
 And see, beneath the evening's shade,
 Each village lad and village maid,
 Skip hand in hand, and cheek by cheek,
 Blushing much more than words may speak,
 Striving to gain the ribbon-prize,
 Attentive to the censor's eyes ;
 The nymph who wins this simple meed,
 As it may fairly be decreed,
 When round her brow the guerdon's tied,
 Wears it the while with modest pride ;
 Perchance it binds her maiden waist,
 Intrusive love beholds as chaste,
 And fond eyes view the ribbon bound,
 And reck not how the world goes round.

When suffering from much thought and care,
 Sitting beside the music-chair,
 One single hour of dance and song—
 Who would not happy time prolong—

One single night of harmless glee,
 A med'cine ministers to me ;
 On balmy wings the moments fly,
 Brightly as beams of western sky,
 The shades of gold above the sun,
 When his day's glorious work is done,
 And he beseems to take his rest,
 Yet spreads his splendour o'er the west,
 Nor for one moment in a day,
 Leaves thy vast realms, Victoria !
 Ere he forsakes the western skies,
 Where fam'd Quebec's proud spires arise ;
 Where Wolfe breath'd forth his dying sighs,
 His morning beams for hours have shone,
 Upon Port Jackson's goodly town :
 And while from Lake Superior's breast
 He sinks at last in the far west,
 His eye spreads wide its eastern beam
 Upon the Indian Ganges' stream.

O ! scenes of passionate delight,
 Sweet visions of a summer night ;
 To song, and dance, and joy resign'd,
 That bind in willing chains, the mind :
 Who would not cheerful company keep
 To gain a long, refreshing sleep,
 While Nature, with kind bounties rife,
 Re-trims the darken'd lamp of life ?

The bull-bait, bear-bait, cock-fight, rude
 And brutalizing, I intrude

Not on my stainless page, yet may
 Such linger in the memory,
 Like dreams of horror in the night,
 When monsters savagely affright
 Even the innocent child in sleep,
 That wakens but to shriek and weep ;
 So might I shed a shower of tears
 O'er some few scenes of my young years ;
 But now they are for ever gone,
 I drown them in oblivion :
 And as the greatest shrouds the least
 In court, and camp, and village feast,
 I take the great and leave the less,
 With a forgiving happiness ;
 Or as the good outshines the evil,
 Like brightest angel more than devil ;
 And innocence outshineth guilt,
 When blood hath wickedly been spilt ;
 So the sweet lights of this brief scene,
 Redeem the darkness that hath been.
 Aye, thus it was in my young days,
 As thus I state in simple lays ;
 Aye, thus it was in my *nesh* youth,
 Those days of happy love and truth ;
 For ever thus, in that sweet prime,
 This vestige of the olden time,
 The annual festivity,
 Of the four-township chapelry. (40)

 And one, for forty years and more,
 The garland-maker, ever bore

The palm at rich devices, and
 Most plenteous stores he could command.
 Fond hearts of love ! mild arts of peace !
 When will tumultuous passions cease ?
 Can the repulsive battle scene,
 Which human pride can never screen,
 From the all-seeing, searching eye
 Of nature's sovereign Deity ;
 Though music, banners, feats of arms,
 Death-dealing bolts, and fierce alarms,
 Though queen and country's honour call
 You forth to conquer or to fall ;
 The weak to struggle with the strong,
 Regardless of the right or wrong,
 Till cloven down at one fell blow,
 In death unyielding, brave the foe :
 The stirring words, " free, willing, able,"
 The courage strong, indomitable,
 Never forsake the Briton brave,
 But shed a halo o'er his grave :—

Can this dread work a moment vie
 With this old village mystery ?
 Can they, who forge the sword and gun,
 And they who use them, pause upon
 Their final destiny with calm
 And patient quietude, the balm
 Of guileless, recreative skill,
 Every attendant on the will
 Of this poor garland-craftsman, who
 Found love and peace, in these tasks too ;

And died, at last, afar away
 From torrid Titan's scorching ray, (41)
 From scenes of blood on India's plains,
 Those vast and arid sands, where reigns
 His burning beams eternally,
 Depriving one of memory ;
 Another found an early grave,
 Nor kith, nor kin, to soothe or save,
 At Gaudaloupe gave up the ghost,
 To me, alas ! for ever lost ;
 They choose to join the savage wars,
 And seek proud honour's glorious scars :
 But one preferr'd to yield his breath
 Resignedly in peaceful death,
 And still to sleep-sealed eyes doth come,
 The garland-craftsman " Uncle Tum."

And now the merry wakes are o'er,
 The rushes on the chapel floor
 Are spread in time for winter's cold,
 To warm the feet of young and old,
 When simple hearts the sacred lays
 Chaunt to our great Creator's praise.
 Praise, praise, much more, much more than pray,
 Ye children on each Sabbath-day ;
 Let voices sweet as woodland birds,
 Pour forth a flood of grateful words,
 In rapturous delight and love,
 Unto the awful spheres above :
 And let the solemn organ's voice
 Bid every ingrate heart rejoice,

That one great God, one Father reigns
 O'er Nature's infinite domains ;
 And though, with human senses dim,
 We may not penetrate to Him,
 Goodness and mercy may reveal
 What mortal hearts can never feel,
 Till death has kindly set them free,
 In spiritual liberty ;
 When thron'd in a supernal light,
 They gain a purer, clearer sight ;
 Number'd among the heavenly blest,
 There to enjoy eternal rest.

THE NOBLEMAN'S FEAST.

Alas ! what could his Lordship do
 Without our labour and the plough ?

ANONYMOUS.

A tuneful song, a soothing strain,
 Sounds in my listening ears,
 A simple, ancient melody,
 My quiet bosom cheers :
 A golden string vibrates awhile,
 Awhile at my command,
 Like some old harper's music wild
 From distant mountain land.

Enwrap in cheerful solitude,
 The poet may beseem
 The last remaining spirit left
 In visionary dream ;
 In happy meditation bound,
 Yet free from earth's control,
 A wild, undying melody
 Delights his inmost soul.

In olden time, a nobleman
 A thousand pounds had stor'd,
 To give unto a chosen few,
 Invited to his board ;
 There was a hunter, with his horn,
 A labourer with his spade,
 A mason, with his rule and square,
 And a striving man of trade.

There was a weaver from his loom,
 His web, and woof, and draught, (42)
 Who bore his shuttle in his hand,
 An emblem of his craft :
 There was a son of Tubal Cain,
 Who at the stithy toil'd,
 With arms and hands like iron bands,
 Yet humble as a child.

There was a son of Crispin came,
 A moody man was he ;
 And though he did not come the first
 The last he would not be :

There was an aged fisherman,
 Who left his boat on shore,
 And journey'd inland to the hall
 Of this great man of yore.

An ancient shepherd join'd the throng,
 Of venerable race,
 And his obedient dog soon found
 A comfortable place,
 All underneath the groaning board,
 Close by his master's feet,
 Where many a savoury morsel fell,
 For him a dainty treat.

Behind him rear'd the friendly crook,
 That help'd his upward way,
 An emblem true of peace and hope
 That knew no savage fray :
 The sceptre of a goodly king,
 The sword of conqueror bold,
 The legion-standard of old Rome,
 With the bird of Jove in gold,

Was not more worthy human eye,
 To view with joyous look,
 Than was that life-supporting staff,
 The ancient shepherd's crook :
 And every eye for him was mild,
 And every look was free,
 And kindest words were said to him,
 For his simplicity.

A wise physician came that way,
 To soothe some sick man's care ;
 He'd been a-foot from early day,
 To breathe the morning air :
 And every hand a welcome gave
 The venerable sage,
 Whose shining, silver locks hung o'er
 His shoulders bent with age.

He look'd around him with a smile,
 His mild eye brighter shone,
 As if he would embrace them all,
 And bless them as his own :
 Then came a sculptor, with his forms
 Of beauty and of light ;
 A painter with his rainbow-hues,
 All gloriously bright.

The last who came unto the feast,
 Wore laurel on his brow,
 With ivory harp and golden strings,
 He made his humble bow.—
 The feast was o'er, and wine in store,
 Soon circled round the board,
 And every soul was lifted high,
 And grateful to this lord.

Then, up the nobleman arose,
 All dignified and bold,
 He took a glass of gen'rous wine,
 And op'd the bag of gold :

He said : " You see me lord of all
 These waters and these lands ;
 I seem some independent power
 Above your humble hands ;

But I would plainly indicate,
 What you perchance may know,
 That I'm dependent on you all,
 The lowest of the low :
 The birds that fly in upper air,
 The wild beasts every one,
 The fish that in the waters breathe,
 Have clothing of their own ;

But here is one, without whose craft,
 This poor, this mortal frame,
 Would be as naked and expos'd,
 As when to life it came :
 There are of ye, who me supply
 With what my parks abound,
 And others too, without whose help,
 My bed would be the ground ;

And others who can ornament
 Each chamber of my hall,
 And from the gloom of ages past,
 The kindest spirits call :
 The sculptor's forms of heavenly grace,
 The painter's light and shade,
 The vast, unfathomable world, .
 A power divine hath made,

Bestow rich treasures at my feet,
 Before my ravish'd sight ;
 I thank the God of all for this—
 This wonderful delight.
 Yet, there is one, the gifted bard,
 Most welcome to the feast,
 And though he was the last to come,
 Believe me, not the least.

His lyre of ivory and gold,
 The seraph-strain he sings,
 My inmost bosom can unfold,
 And give me angel-wings
 To bear me far above this world,
 Unto the blest abode
 Of Him who rules the Universe,
 The Beautiful, the God !

The common Father of us all,
 Who pours life's honey-dew,
 That we may live and life enjoy,
 And love each other too.
 Then quarrel not, my worthy friends,
 Life's full of winding ways,
 But soon our earthly journey ends,
 And from its devious maze,

A brighter prospect opens wide,
 A vast ethereal plain,
 A heavenly world of love and light,
 Where purer spirits reign

In one eternal round of bliss,
 Above all human scan :—
 Words are too feeble to express
 What God hath done for man.

Come, labourer, here, and count the gold,
 In portions just and true,
 Divide it, share and share alike,
 And then I'll drink to you :
 The gift is free as mountain air,
 Or wave of wildest sea,
 And with it you my thanks may share,
 For what you've done for me."

When this was done, the nobleman
 The wine-cup took in hand,
 Beseeching every one around,
 Although he might command,
 To be industrious and just,
 And kind unto each other,
 And with mild words discoursing long
 Like brother unto brother :

Then, to the poet he did say,
 " My poor poetic child !
 Thy song shall harmonize us all,
 The wildest of the wild :
 And should our passions rage away,
 And blood bedye our fields,
 And men become remorseless o'er
 The blessing nature yields,—

Thy song shall charm the vital air,
 And take the savage mind
 A prisoner in its golden chains,
 In ecstasy refined :
 Above the mean of earth thy harp
 Shall vibrate loud and long ;
 While viewless winds and waters flow,
 Shall live thy soothing song ;

And while the morning suns arise,
 And evening zephyrs sigh,
 Poor priest of Nature's Mysteries !
 Thou—thou shalt never die.”
 Then all the company arose
 To gratefully rejoice,
 As if one soul, one heart, one mind,
 Gave them a single voice :

And cheerful songs of thankful praise
 Resounded through the hall,
 And words of gladness unrestrain'd
 Until the curfew's call
 For each unto his homeward way ;
 The pallid moon look'd down,
 A sweet, benignant, blessed smile,
 Upon them every one.

The poet sang a sweet “ Good night ;”
 And play'd with gentle hand,
 A heart-inspiring melody,
 Delighting all the band ;

And many an aged man can tell
 The legend strange and true,
 Of this old English Nobleman,
 And all his chosen few.

THE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Who is royal? He who swayeth
 The calm empire of his mind,
 Keeps the treaty, nor gainsayeth
 Wisdom's words, so well defin'd.

Who is conqueror? Who subdueth
 Sensual passions, vain desires ;
 For to him in peace accrueth
 All that human life requires.

What is noble? Cease your drinking,
 Leave your bottle, and your bowl,
 And return to sober thinking,
 Elevate your deathless soul.

What is gentle? To inherit,
 In the old and simple way,
 A sober, manly, honest spirit,
 Ever cheerful, ever gay.

What is Christian? An example,
 Word, and deed for others' good—
 Ne'er on human rights to trample,
 Ne'er to shed your fellows' blood.

What is prudent? 'Tis to gather
 Every sacred plan and rule;
 And adopt good counsel, rather
 Than the counsel of a fool.

What is god-like? Be forgiving,
 As the Spirit of grace above,
 Unto every mortal living,
 Who will keep these words of love.

EPITAPH

FOR A RURAL CEMETERY.

Endow'd with knowledge, unpossess'd of fortune,
 Loving my fellows, Christian, Turk, or Jew,
 I sought for fame and happiness on earth :
 Jaded, too long, with human vanities,
 And never envious of another's wealth,
 Here I repose in quietness and peace :

Remote from towns, 'neath the umbrageous shade,
 In this Necropolis I found my rest.
 Delightful solitude ! lov'd of the wise,
 In every age of the historian's record,
 Now, I may calmly and securely sleep :
 Grant me, kind reader, ere you hence depart,
 Some sweet remembrances of me and mine.

THE FORTY-FIRST PSALM VERSIFIED.

Blessed is he that helps the poor,
 The Lord of Hosts shall him befriend;
 When troubles shall approach his door,
 Upon the Lord he may depend:
 O Lord! preserve, keep him alive—
 May he upon Thy bounty thrive.

The Lord shall comfort him, when he
 Lies sick upon his bed of straw;
 And watch him in his misery,
 If he revere His holy law:
 Nor e'er deliver him to the will
 Of those who seek to do him ill.

I said: "O Lord! be unto me
 All-merciful, and heal my soul,
 For I have sinnèd against Thee:
 And while Thy bounteous seasons roll,
 Let Thy great mercy ever flow
 Unto all sinners here below.

Angry and evil words are spoken
 By cruel enemies, of me:
 When shall they cease—their power be broken—
 Their names for ever perish'd be?
 O let them be unknown to fame,
 Who spread their slanders on my name.

And if they come, they vainly speak,
 And falsehood in their hearts conceive :
 On my poor head they vengeance wreak,
 Together whispering to deceive :
 These evils they imagine, all
 Conspiring to promote my fall.

Let sentence of their guilt go forth ;
 Their wicked snares I shall deplore :
 But now they lie upon the earth,
 Let them, O God ! rise up no more :
 O let them fall, as falls the tree,
 Who plunge me into misery.

Yea, even him I had befriended,
 Whom I had trusted every day,—
 He ate my bread, and then descended
 To lie awaiting to betray :
 But, be Thou merciful to me—
 I shall reward their misery.

O grant to me Thy bounteous grace,
 Be unto me Thy mercy given ;
 Place me before Thy sacred face,
 Find me, at last, a place in heaven ;
 Blest be the God of Israel's name—
 World without end—ever the same."

DEATH OF THE HARE.

(An Incident of Childhood.)

Once, when a little child,
I rambled from my home,
Through mazy woodlands wild,
Delighted, I would roam,
Gathering wild berries all alone,
Until I heard a piercing moan,
Like helpless childhood's cry,
In danger and despair,
As it came from the heart
Of a poor, friendless hare.

And then I heard loud sounds
Of dogs, and cheerful men,
The deep-mouth'd cry of hounds,
Like monsters from their den;
Horses, with scarlet riders came;
The colours bright as fiery flame;
And then, beside my feet,
The timid creature stopt;
It had o'er-run its strength,
And down beside me dropt.

The hounds, one, two, and three,
 Upon the sufferer bound ;
 My childish eyes did see
 Them tear it on the ground :
 The horse, and men, with panting breath,
 Soon rush'd to see the creature's death ;
 They held it up and gave
 A loud and wild *hurray*,
 Like conquerors over-joyed
 With the battle of the day.

I counted of them, then,
 Before they went away,
 About a hundred men,
 Engag'd in the affray ;
 And there were scarlet riders ten,
 If you'll believe my simple pen,
 And, for the sake of truth,
 I vow, and I declare,
 There were three score of dogs,
 For one poor, little hare.

And to this very day,
 When I hear a fearful cry,
 Although my hair be grey,
 I think upon the sigh,
 And the tenderest, child-like tone,
 The painful, death-forboding moan,
 Which would melt every heart,
 But those unus'd to tears :
 Alas ! for cruel man,
 And simple childhood's years.

Then I soon hasten'd back
 To our cottage on the Green,
 As I knew every track
 Of my native woodland scene ;
 Through rural lanes, and pasture-fields,
 By brooklets, where the hazel yields
 Its pretty, tiny bloom,
 'Mid alders rude and strong,
 Where the thrush builds its nest,
 And nourisheth its young.

With berries black and red,
 Of one kind and another,
 I then soon homeward sped,
 To show them to my mother ;
 And when I told her, in my pride,
 Of horses, men, and hounds beside,
 And the poor, dying hare,
 And all that I had seen,
 She took me to her arms,
 In our cottage on the Green.

HUMAN LIFE.

Born to the world, a child was I,
My living voice a feeble cry :
All things in my dim eyes were seen
Without a form, or hue, or mien ;
And seeking for the genial breast,
I sank, unconsciously to rest ;
So, now, in age, most feeble still,
All things appear above my skill ;
Amid the gloom I grope my way,
And see but little night or day ;
I wander wayward like a child,
Or trav'ler lost on lonesome wild ;
Full forty years of patient thought,
Have me their empty nothings brought ;
Yet oft have very plainly shown,
Despite of Science, nothing's known ;
But if all men should say me, nay,
And from my aspect turn away,
Kind Nature would extend her arms,
And throw around me all her charms ;
Then, one instinctive course I keep,
To sleep with her the dreamless sleep.

NOTES.

(1) These stanzas originally appeared in a poetical miscellany, entitled "The Chaplet;" and published for the benefit of the Ancoats Lyceum.

(2) "Then awoke the Theban Marble."

There was a statue of Memnon, made of black marble, placed in the temple of Serapis, at Thebes, in Egypt, and of which it is said, that the mouth of the statue, when first touched by the rays of the rising sun, sent forth a sweet and harmonious sound, as if it rejoiced when its mother, Aurora, came; but at the setting of the sun, it sent forth a melancholy tone, as lamenting her departure. Memnon, the son of Tithonus and Aurora, was the King of Ethiopia, and the inventor of the alphabet, according to Anticlides, a writer mentioned by Pliny.

(3) "Thus, young Ammon bow'd his head."

History and Biography have generally represented Alexander in an unfavourable light; the wisdom of the moralist, Seneca, and the wit of the satirist, Pope, have been directed against him. Dryden, in a truly lyrical and impassioned, if not inspired poem, has crowned him with immortal honours. Rollin reads a lecture upon his life, in the style of a French homily. I have followed the current opinion; but have taken the liberty of representing him as returning to consciousness after his last carousal, stung with remorse, for the deaths of Clitus and others. I quote the following, from a "History

of Greece, published by Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row, London, 1829, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," as an important contradiction to the more general opinion. It is pleasing to the enquiring mind to meet with sentiments opposed to the multitude. "The short remainder of his life, was chiefly spent in the improvement of Babylon, the ancient capital of the Babylonian, Chaldean, or second Assyrian empire, which he chose for the seat of his government, in preference to Susa or Ecbatana, the capitals of the Persian and Median monarchies. The reasons for the selection were manifold. A wide and fruitful plain, and two mighty rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris, on the one of which, the City was built, while, with the other, it commanded a ready communication by numerous Canals, made it a spot singularly fit for the support of a great collected population, and for all the purposes of trade, both inland and foreign. It was further recommended by its more central situation, and especially its lying nearer than the other capitals to lower Asia and Europe. Babylonia, like Egypt, owed its extraordinary fertility entirely to the overflowing of its river; and to regulate this overflow, the old monarchs had constructed channels, dams, and various other works of great extent. These had fallen into decay, under the Median and Persian Kings, who resided in the upper provinces, and comparatively neglected the Babylonians; but Alexander applied himself vigorously to the work of restoration, and was rapidly bringing back the province to its ancient fruitfulness and prosperity, when, in the second summer of his residence at Babylon, as he was overlooking the works, with his wonted activity and carelessness of his person, in an open boat, among the unwholesome marshes, he was seized with a fever, and shortly after died, in the thirty-third year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. By some writers it has been represented that his sickness was rendered fatal by intemperance, and a report was afterwards current among the Macedonians, which imputed his death to poison. But neither of these statements is countenanced by the most authentic records existing with respect to his last moments. (b.c. 323.)

- (4) "Sacred temples of our father,
Old Cathedrals of renown,
May no superstition gather
Strength to drag your glory down."

This *quatrain* alludes to the present divisions in the Protestant Church.

- (5) "In the days of Israel's King."

In the days of Jehoiakim. This version of the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah was recited at a Rechabite Demonstration, at Stretford, on the 12th of February, 1850.

- (6) "Thou, of the hundred hands, our own Ægæon."

Ægæon, the same as Briareus, son of Coelus and Terra. He was called the former amongst men, the latter amongst the Gods. A famous, gigantic hero of antiquity.

- (7) "Like happy "Sylvan," walled around with books."

Sylvan is the poetical name of an occasional contributor to the magazines and newspapers, of some pleasing verses in the simple pastoral style. He resides in Manchester, and keeps a circulating library.

- (8) "While his full, streaming eyes beheld the setting
sun."

• This passage has reference to the early death of a poetical acquaintance, the author of a beautiful amatory poem, entitled "Cupid's Love Draught."

(9) This motto is selected from "Lines on the death of Shelley," which appeared a little subsequent to his lamented death, in the *London Examiner*.

- (10) "Sweet flow'rets bloom
O'er his early tomb."

His ashes were placed in a silver urn, on which was a suitable inscription, with the motto, "*Concordium*," in the protestant burial ground at Rome; a place of great historical interest.

- (11) "Old Bacchus' royal brutes may roar,
Silenus' ass join chorus."

Bacchus is represented in the *Antiques*, as returning from India, drawn by a lion and a tiger. This is surely admissible in a song. I need not remind the reader that there are more senses than one of the word *tiger*; and that Silenus is said to have accompanied Bacchus in his conquest of India, mounted on an ass, and in a state of intoxication. They marched at the head of an army composed of men, as well as of women, all armed with musical instruments. The modern idea of Bacchus is taken from the most flagrant of the festivals instituted to his honour, or rather to his disgrace, the *orgia*.

- (12) "They would drink down the evening star."

Sir Thomas Pope Blount, in one of his very interesting essays, states, that it was a practice among the ancient Romans to *drink down the evening star*: that is, they commenced drinking at the setting, and did not depart until the rising of the morning star. The lines of Burns have been considered poetical,—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait awee."

- (13) That Apaturian feasts were given
To Bacchus, god divine;
And warning voices breath'd from heaven,
To man, deceiv'd by wine."

Apaturia were feasts celebrated in honour of Bacchus, setting forth how greatly men are deceived by wine. These festivals were principally observed at Athens. There were festivals of various kinds. The Bacchanalia, or Dionysia, or Orgia, were the feasts of Bacchus among the Romans, which at first were solemnized in February, at mid-day, by women only; but afterwards they were performed by men and women together, till the Senate, by an edict, abrogated this festival, as Diagondus did at Thebes. Pentheus, king of Thebes, attempted the same thing, but the Bacchæ barbarously killed him, whence came the story that his mother and sisters tore him in pieces, fancying he was a boar.

Vide Cooke's Pantheon.

(14) "A lovely charm in every age."

This child was the daughter of one of the parliamentary reformers, and which died while her father was serving a long imprisonment in D——— Goal. It was christened Hypatia, after the celebrated Hypatia, of Alexandria, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, and who fell a victim to the rage of St. Cyril, and his monkish accomplices.

Vide Gibbon, Oxford Encyclopedia, &c.

(15) This address was delivered by the author, at the opening of the "Temperance Hall and Mechanics' Institution," Grosvenor-street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, on the 31st December, 1849.

(16) "Wickliffe! and Shakspeare! Venerable men!"

In the "Temperance Hall and Mechanics' Institution," Grosvenor-street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, are placed in elevated situations, casts from the monumental busts of Wickliffe and Shakspeare, the gift of W. Warner, Esq., of Stratford-on-Avon. The same gentleman presented the author with a cast from the Stratford bust of Shakspeare.

(17) "With joyful grace, may I retrace
The merchant prince, whose name,

And pious charitable face,
Are dedicate to fame :”

Humphrey Chetham, Esq., founder of the College Library, &c. Who, amongst the reflective portion of the inhabitants of Lancashire, has not often contemplated, with feelings of gratitude and admiration, the portrait of this venerable Lancashire worthy, who died at Clayton Hall, in the year 1653 ?

(18) “ And when the silk-loom wanted gaiting.”

Gaiting, a term amongst weavers. *To gait*, is to prepare a loom and a *loom's work*, ready for the weaver to *immediately commence weaving the cloth*.

(19) “ From empty loom and hanging thrum.”

Thrum. The end of the last warp, and which is retained for the purpose of being twisted to the next.

(20) “ And yet at none would bite his thumb.”

An old mode of provoking a quarrel. *Vide* the opening scene in Shakspeare's “ Romeo and Juliet.”

(21) “ Bright-eye.”

An old name for a poet.

(22) “ The draught the witch hath made,
Soul and body to degrade.”

Alluding to the draught administered to “ Faust,” previous to his seduction of Margaret. See Goëthe's “ Faust.”

(23) “ Bacchus ! Lyæus ! names divine.”

Lyæus is one of the numerous names of Bacchus.

- (24) "It is."

For this answer of Echo, I am indebted to an old anonymous dialogue between Echo and a Glutton.

- (25) "And made the philosophic Cynic throw
Away his bowl."

It is related of Diogenes that he was accustomed to carry with him an earthen vessel, which he used on his travels, in order to quench his thirst with water at the fountains. On seeing a shepherd drinking out of the hollow of his hand, he immediately broke or threw away his bowl, saying, "What a fool I have been not to have discovered this before."

- (26) "Could ancient Jupiter have done aught more
Than this, with his dread thunder-blast?"

The deep cuttings on the rail and other roads, have suggested this allusion.

- (27) "*Bauldricke*," is Spenser's name for the Zodiac, or Milky-way.

- (28) "*Modu and Mahu*."
See Shakspere's "King Lear."

- (29) "For our own Marlow and the German Goëthe."
Vide the "Faustus" of Christopher Marlow, and the "Faust" of Goëthe.

- (30) "Knowledge is power."

Verulam. Lord Bacon was baron of Verulam, and he is often complimented with this name by critics and commentators. Mr. D'Israeli, quoting from Lord Bacon, said, "knowledge is pleasure as well as power," which are the words of Hazlitt.

- (31) "Newton,
Who gather'd pebbles on the distant shore
Of the vast ocean, Truth, a school-boy's task."

The very modest comparison of Sir Isaac Newton, on reflecting what he had discovered, and how much remained undiscovered.

(32) "But jesting Pilate ask'd the question once."

What is Truth? Said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer.
Vide Bacon's Essays.

(33) "A book of figures, or a studious course
Of mathematical deductions."

Mathematical studies have been considered as tending to the concentration and strength of the human mind.

(34) "Apage Sathanos."

A charm, or talisman, used by the monks, when they considered themselves in the midst of danger, or temptation.

(35) The fourth scene; or the second part of the "Return," is much too long for a volume of miscellaneous poems, and what is now published may be possibly unsuited to many readers.

(36) "Pay gold for gold and ray for ray."

See Leigh Hunt's Months.

(37) "In hamlets bearing a great name."

The name of Newton.

(38) "With old Chum cracking nuts and jokes."

A humorous Character, who attended fairs, races, wakes, &c.

(39) "The silver plate one hundred pound."

The usual value of the *plate*, displayed in front of the rush cart, consisting principally of silver tankards, silver spoons, &c.

(40) "Of the four-township chapelry."

The townships of Newton, Moston, Failsworth, and Droylsden, constitute the chapelry of Newton, and respectively in a kind of quaternion, as here enumerated, take their annual turn in providing the rush-cart, &c. The wakes are generally held at Newton, better known as Newton [Heath, in consequence of the township being the locality of the ancient as well as the present church, or chapel. The old structure fell down on the morning of Monday, the second of May, 1808, and providentially about twelve hours after the pastor and his congregation had returned from their pious duties. The rushes of which the rush-cart was composed, were deposited in the chapel.

(41) "Torrid Titan's scorching ray."

Titan. An old name of the Sun, used by Spenser, Juvenal, Virgil and Horace.—He was the son of Coelus and Terra, and brother to Saturn and Hyperion.

(42) "His web, and woof, and draught."

Draught. The *sketch*, or *tie-up*, which delineates the principle on which a fabric is to be woven.



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